

28 April 1970
Alger, Algeria

My most powerful Brother John:

Where do I start? After all this time, that seems like years, where do I start?

First of all, I hope that from this letter you can see in what direction I am planning on moving. I just found out that I was put on the 10 most wanted list, which makes this decision all the more easier for me. I have no other direction that I can move. I must say that I've made this decision after careful consideration and much thought and study. I really think it is time to seize the time, as it's been said before, "we're sick and tired of being sick and tired."

I guess I'll start with where I am right now and try to work my way back, so you can see what direction I will be moving in the future and what are the conditions that are making me move like I am.

First of all I've had the great pleasure of being able to meet with Eldridge and do some hangin out with him, you know gettin high, gain places with him, listening to some jams and just talkin. Ya know hangin out is the best way to take care of business, it's much more informal and you get a lot more done. It's like when I first met you, being able to just get down and do what you did, and hangin out with you was more an education for me than if I had gone to teach-ins or workshops for the rest of my life.

Anyway, that's how I got on with Eldridge, and it was good. He lives in a little pad about 10 minutes from downtown Algers that overlooks the Mediterranean, he's got a beautiful little baby boy and Kathy is right on, her belly is getting big again with a new duck coming in August. Power to the Leos. Let me tell ya the brother really blew my mind, like I had some misconceptions about what he was doing in exile, or what anyone does in exile, ya know. I thought he would be layin up, gettin high, and just writing and reading a bit, but the brother is working his ass off, I mean he was really a great inspiration to me, he gets up at 7 every morning and goes to bed late, late every night. He is constantly meeting with other people (revolutionary heads of revolutionary governments, revolutionaries who are underground and anyone and everyone who is engaged in struggle).

He is moving in a very big way to set up some machinery to get information to the rest of the world about what is happening in Babylon and is trying to get support for our struggle, in terms of financial as well as military and political. He works as hard in exile as you did before you went to the slam, and it really blew my mind, he's studying like a motherfucker and writing and really taking care of business. You know there is a

lot of work to do in that regard, and I think you should keep that in mind. Now let me tell you some of the shit we talked about.

Eldridge is working on a long thing now that will be called the ideology of the Black Panther Party, and it is how the working class in Babylon is the right wing of the proletariat and the lumpen is the left wing, this is just in regards to Babylon. I gave him your piece on YOUTH AS A CLASS and REVOLUTIONARY CULTURE, I'm sure he'll dig it. We talked about a lot of other shit too, like the role of the vanguard, and at what stage the vanguard is in now, and it is really correct for the vanguard to be involved in the type of struggle that it is involved in right now.

Like court cases, is it correct for the vanguard to relate to court cases anymore. Eldridge says, "court cases are some cold shit". Your case bares witness to this, as does Huey's, the Chicago 7, the Panther 21, the LAIR etc etc. Demonstrations are some cold shit, I mean it is not the kind of activity that is befitting the vanguard, it's like having a demonstration in South Vietnam. You know, it's up to the vanguard to start taking on activity that is to a higher stage, now I'm not saying that mass demonstrations and court cases are irrelevant for the mass organization and the masses of the people, but I am saying that the vanguard must move to a higher level. We've been at this level for some years now, and all that is happening is that our leaders are being ripped off and this is not further moving the masses of people to revolutionary consciousness. So we have to move on to new tactics and new activity.

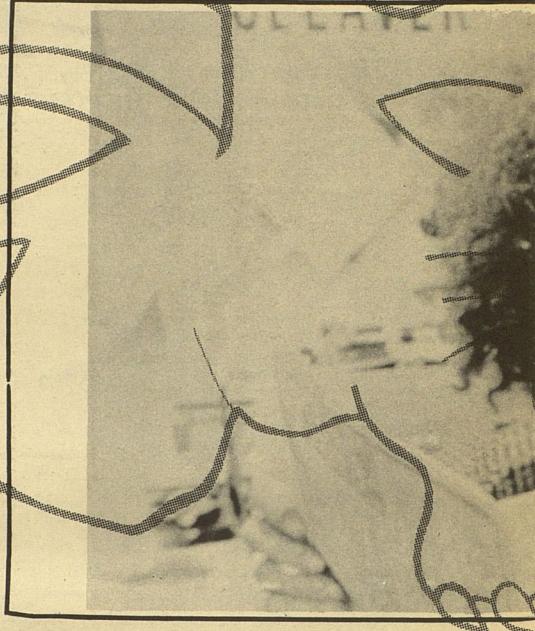
The vanguard must create such a situation and such a climate that revolution and revolutionary activity touches the people's lives everyday. I mean the cat who works at the gas station and the freaks on the street must be affected by revolutionary activity every day! We must create such conditions that the pigs must call out the army to deal with the people's cause. I feel that the mobilizing of the army will be the most important (one of the most important) things that will lead to the downfall of the pig power structure, cause as long as we keep dealing with these pigs, the pigs on the street, the pigs in blue, then Tricky Dick has a "law n order problem", but if we escalate the struggle to where they have to call in the army then it is no longer a law n order trip, but it is war, and it is up to us to educate the people to the fact that it is war, and a righteous revolutionary war, and this puts the whole trip into a political context you dig?

And now here we come to the real heart of the whole trip. I feel that the people are ready for another stage. I think the people are ready for this shit, ya know? We can see that the more advanced elements of the movement have moved to a certain level of struggle, like bombs have been going off all across the country, the more advanced elements have moved to sabotage, and

latest dope

they have picked their targets well and have done some sort of job (however inadequate it may be) to explain to the people their action, so what I'm trying to say is, these more advanced elements have no place to go except to the next stage, they can't turn back, they can't regress, they must move ahead. The only direction they can move is to righteous revolutionary violence.

And here is something that is very important concerning the highest form of revolutionary struggle and that is the unity that will come out of this type of struggle, and unity is a big problem right now, like black/white unity I'm talking about. I don't know, it is very hard to write about something like unity, on the one hand it is very subjective, but for sure it is



justice/fast

July 28, 1970 will mark one year that John Sinclair has been locked in prison. July 28th will mark the beginning of a four day Fast... a JUSTICE/FAST. All members of the community are invited to join the Fast in Detroit where members of John's family, outraged citizens, and friends will hold a communal fast to urge the courts to grant John an appeal bond, while he challenges the cruel and unusual anti-marijuana laws.

There will also be a Freedom/Feast at the Ann Arbor Free Concert in Diana Oughton Memorial Park on August 2, followed by a benefit concert for the John Sinclair Freedom Fund at Hill Aud. that night.

In 1967 John Sinclair was busted along with 55 other people at the Artist Workshop in Detroit. It took two disguised undercover agents two months to entrap Sinclair into giving them two joints. He didn't sell the joints to the pigs, he gave it to them. Judge Colombo ruled that the transaction was a case of "Illegal Entrapment", the police created the crime! The same evidence then was used to convict John on the charge of possession of marijuana. The Recorder's Court magistrate sentenced Sinclair to 9½ to 10 years in prison, not for possessing two joints of marijuana, but for "flaunting the law".

Since the bust John has mounted an effective attack on the constitutionality of Michigan's anti-marijuana laws. The effects of this legal attack, besides the 9½ year prison term, without appeal bond, includes bills in the Michigan House of Representatives removing marijuana from the narcotics category and the felony laws and a bill which makes possession a misdemeanor under Michigan Law. A maximum sentence of one year in jail will be imposed for the crime (27 states have already done this.) This bill passed in the Michigan House by 83 to 3 votes. On May 21, 1970, Governor Milliken told a group of educators and medical experts that "We know that marijuana is not medically or scientifically a narcotic drug like heroin or morphine...It should not be associated with narcotics, either medically or legally." John Sinclair has been arguing this point for three years now, yet the Michigan Supreme Court has denied Sinclair appeal bond on the grounds that he has failed to show a "meritorious basis for appeal."

It is very clear that the Fascist Pig Courts are the ones who are flaunting the law. The pigs are keeping John Sinclair in jail because they do not want the brother on the streets with the people where he belongs!

This miscarriage of justice must be corrected immediately, John must be given bail in this case while he waits for the courts and the legislature to repeal the admittedly cruel and unusual penalties surrounding the marijuana prohibition. We must stand with John Sinclair and his attack on the law against our culture so that all our brothers and sisters that have been ripped off for dope will be returned to their communities. We must stand together and exercise the power we haven't used in this country since George Wallace Washington was truckin' on this planet.

FREE JOHN SINCLAIR AND ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!
JUSTICE/FAST!

SEND CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

JOHN
SINCLAIR
DEFENSE FUND
1520 HILL ST.
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN 48104



from algiers

objective too. Ya know, unity comes through struggle, we've heard that a lot, but I really found out what that meant when we were fighting the pigs in the streets of Ann Arbor last summer, it's something that is hard to describe, but it sure suff was there, it was like the

people were all moving as one person, as one spirit, as one. It was just for a short time, but it was real and it was there, but what I'm trying to say is that from this highest form of struggle will come the highest form of unity, all the oppressed peoples will have two things in common, the enemy and their practice.

Here's something I've noticed, a lot of mothercountry radicals have got their shit, ya know, they got their shit,



NEW HAVEN, CONN. The marble walls of the Superior Court Building. It is drizzling, gray. Plastic shields have been placed over the first-floor windows and doors of the courthouse. Signs are posted to give notice that demonstrations within 500 feet of the building are forbidden. Across the street, in the New Haven Green, Afeni Shakur was speaking to a crowd of people showing support for Lonnie: "Those niggers ain't from his peer group either, for his peers don't have jobs and can't vote".

Testimony began last Tuesday in the trial of Lonnie McLucas, 25-year-old Black Panther Captain and founder of the Bridgeport Chapter of the Black Panther Party. He is charged with complicity in the murder of Alex Rackley. The specific charge is kidnapping resulting in death and aiding and abetting murder. He could face the death penalty. The seven other defendants in the case, including Erika Huggins and Bobby Seale, National Chairman of the Party, could be tried separately or together after a verdict is handed down in Lonnie's case.

Seale is accused of having casually dropped in to New Haven Black Panther Headquarters May 19, 1969 to order the death of Alex Rackley because he was suspected of being a police informer. On May 21 Rackley's body was found in a boggy river near Middlefield.

The prosecution's key witness in the trial is George Sams. Sams pleaded guilty to second degree murder last December and has said in an affidavit that Seale ordered Rackley killed. Presiding over the case is Superior Court Judge Harold M. Mulvey, former state attorney general. Theodore Koskoff and his son, Michael, are handling the defense.

The courtroom is darkened. On a screen is projected a color slide of Alex Rackley, his wrists bound with a clothesline, a wire hanger around his neck, dead. Lonnie McLucas, dressed in a gray suit, looked away from the screen.

A medical examiner testified that Rackley was covered with second degree burns. He estimated that Rackley had been dead between 12 and 24 hours when he was found, and that either of two he was found, and that either of two bullet wounds, one behind the right ear and the other in the heart, would have

it's in the closet, or under the bed, or in the corner but they are the only ones who feel uptight, they feel they are the only ones who would like to see some pigs cooked up real good, they don't think anyone else feels the way they do, so they just keep isolated. I really think it is the job of the vanguard to move in such a way as to show these people that they are not alone, that there are other people who feel the same way they do, that there is a way to deal with this frustration and to take care of business.

I think the time has come to move, cause I think all the things we were doing in the past are now cold, now I don't mean we shouldn't have free concerts or free health clinics or other community action projects, we definitely need these things, but we need other shit to go on too.

You know, one thing that really pisses me off about the left is that they always be analyzing about why we shouldn't move, and always trying to find reasons and excuses not to move, but I think the role of the vanguard should be to try to study and analyze about why we should move. Like Eldridge said something once, I don't have the quote here, but I'll try to remember it, he say, "In each historic epoch there is always ample reason not to fight, but that is always the reason the people do not reach their liberation". So sure there are millions of reasons not to pick up the gun, but those same reasons are the reasons that the people are not free. Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun. Period.

Now let me hip you to JUCHE, let me pull your coat to this shit, it's really heavy. It comes from Kim Il Sung "Heroic leader of 40 million Korean people".

"Only by firmly establishing JUCHE, can each country repudiate flunkeyism and dogmatism and creatively apply the universal truth of Marxism-Leninism and the experiences of other countries to suit its historical conditions and natural peculiarities and solve its own questions entirely for itself on its own responsibility by discarding the spirit of relying on others and displaying the spirit of self-reliance, and accordingly, carry on its revolutionary cause and construction work with success".

LET US EMBODY MORE THOROUGHLY THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE SELF-SUSTENANCE AND SELF-DEFENSE IN ALL FIELDS OF STATE ACTIVITY".

Let me run down to you what Eldridge says about JUCHE. "The concept of JUCHE that they've (Koreans) worked out, it's a concept of self-reliance that justifies the independent existence of each party and gives it some ideological defenses against the type of domination that is traditional in the Socialist movements, this is really the key factor. When I talk about the value of certain ideological provisions, I'm talking specifically about this concept of JUCHE. Because of

their own experiences they have worked out this concept that gives an analysis of the origin of the party as related to a specific struggle, and how those who were directly involved in that struggle are the ones who must have control of the ideology of the struggle. This becomes very important when you consider that each Communist Party, I'm really just talking about China and Russia, has a tendency to try to unite under itself all of the other communist parties and to force on them certain ideological lines. The great contribution that Kim Il Sung made is the concept of the autonomy of a party, the integrity of a party, the responsibility of a party to those whom it purports to represent, the duty of the members of the party to have an awareness that they must rely upon their own resources in their struggle in order to gain success, not to blindly follow behind the experiences of others while always being open to beneficial aspects of other's experiences, all this articulated and related to Marxism-Leninism discarding the spirit of relying on others and displaying the spirit of self-reliance and accordingly carrying on its revolutionary cause and construction work with success".

I'm trying to tell you a little bit about JUCHE, it's rather hard for me to talk about cause there is not just one pamphlet that deals with it, but rather, it is in everything that he writes, so I have to read a lot of stuff before I have enough understanding about it to be able to run it to other people, but essentially, what it is (JUCHE) is something that you have been teaching us ever since we started the White Panther Party, and that is that we cannot take other instances and blindly try to apply them to our situation. I know that in the past, in regards to the Black Panther Party I was one of the most dogmatic people in that regard, but all in all I don't think it was totally a bad thing. I mean it did move us to another level. More on this later.

JUCHE again, this whole thing of JUCHE has really had a big effect on me, it makes me feel more sure of myself, and proud too, it's very important. I hope you can get some of these books. It's very important because when we look at Babylon we see that we have a unique situation (just as you have been saying for so long) and it is going to take some unique machinery to deal with this situation, and it is going to take a new way of organizing people, it's going to take some new ways to bar-b-que these unique home grown pigs.

I think brother that I am going to have to stop for a bit, who knows how long? Who knows how long this walk I'm going to take will take me? May my love fill up the many miles between us and make you strong as your love gives me strength.

Power to all the People
Counter-attack
PUN

FREE LONNIE

been enough to kill him. Also, he said, the victim could conceivably have lived up to four hours after being shot in the head. This could be important, because the prosecution contends that the second shot fired at Rackley was Lonnie McLucas' work.

On Wednesday, a young black woman was led to the witness stand. She testified in a barely audible voice that she saw Alex Rackley led from the Party's New Haven Headquarters with a wire hanger around his neck the night he was murdered. Loretta Luckes, the witness, had wanted to qualify for membership in the Party and had been working in the office. She said the victim was accompanied by Lonnie, George Sams, and Warren Kimball, who, along with Sams, pleaded guilty to second degree murder. Sams was carrying a .45 pistol and another Panther was toting a rifle when the group left the headquarters.

Luckes said that she had been staying in the house for three days. The day she arrived, she said, she sat in the kitchen and watched as four Panther Women boiled pots of water on the stove. The witness said the water was carried to the basement and at one point Lonnie appeared in the kitchen with a bloodstain on his white pants. She said that Rackley

was later led upstairs and that she saw his right shoulder had been badly burned and that he had a scar on his temple. Luckes testified that she later helped dress Rackley's wounds and sat with him in an upstairs room where he was eventually bound to the bed with hangers, clothesline, and adhesive tape.

On May 20, Loretta Luckes left the headquarters with Lonnie to deliver a note to Bobby Seale in New York. Lon-

nie, according to the witness, was wearing a "green revolutionary jacket". On the way, she was shown the note they were to deliver to Bobby. It was a message written in ink on a sheet of yellow paper.

The prosecution presented it as evidence Tuesday after a state trooper testified that he had discovered it in the pocket of a green jacket found under Rackley's head at the scene of the murder. The message contained in the note did not seem to have any direct relevance to the murder.

Defense attorney Koskoff added some class to the proceedings by pointing out to the jury some odd features of a few pieces of the evidence. He passed the "green revolutionary jacket" to the jurors and had them smell it. It had a vaguely vinegary odor. Then he asked them to notice that the jacket had no bloodstains on it, even though it was supposedly found partly beneath the right side of Rackley's head, where he had been bleeding heavily from the exit wound of a bullet. Then Koskoff pointed out something even more bizarre: He asked the jurors to notice that there were no detectable bloodstains near the two bullet-holes in the violet-colored shirt that Rackley was supposed to have been wearing when he was offed. No further explanation was given of the meaning of this evidence.

On Thursday, Loretta Luckes testified again, this time about the excessive cruelty and authoritarianism of George Sams. She said she had been afraid of Sams "because he was sadistic". She talked about Sams' flipped out behavior when he returned to headquarters in the early hours of May 21, 1969 after the killing was alleged to have taken place. "He ordered everybody to go back upstairs and clean up." Then he ordered her to

play some tunes on the record player. "He slapped me for every one I played wrong," Luckes said. Then Sams demanded that she recite the Party's ten point program, which all Black Panthers must memorize. She stumbled in the recitation, so Sams held a gun to her head and "asked me if I wanted to die". Then he ordered her to do 200 deep knee bends by way of punishment. Finally, he told her she was "expelled" from the party.

Luckes testified that while Lonnie was serving as officer of the day he ordered her to clean up the basement where Rackley had allegedly been interrogated. Asked what she found there, she replied, "blood on the floor and towels with blood."

Defense attorney Koskoff got out of the witness that she was hoping her testimony would please the prosecutor so that he would drop four other charges pending against her.

Later on in the day, the stand was taken by Frances Carter, one of the original 14 Panthers accused in the Rackley case. Arnold Markle, prosecutor, had tried to force Carter to testify against the Panthers by giving her immunity from prosecution in the case she couldn't refuse to testify on the grounds of self-incrimination. She had still refused to testify, so Judge Mulvey had sentenced her to six months for contempt. On Thursday, she answered questions, but not to the satisfaction of Markle, who asked that she be declared a hostile witness so he could cross examine her. Judge Mulvey got pissed off and started lecturing the prosecutor about asking loaded questions. The audience burst into applause. This must have freaked Mulvey out, because towards the end of the afternoon he started to declare the witness "hostile" but then decided to delay the ruling until the next day.

LIBERATION BOOGALOO

TO THE PEOPLE GATHERED IN DIANA OUGHTON MEMORIAL PARK FOR THE FREE CONCERT:

How do you feel today? This is Pun Plumondon, Minister of Defense for the White Panther Party talking, July 4, 1970.

A bunch of honkies, man, all around this country are out doing their thing. But not me, I went out target practicing today.

I think we are going to have to move to initiate our own independence day. But, of course, that ain't gonna come until we get our independence is it? So, we are going to have to work on that diligently. But, I would like to make a motion or a suggestion that we move our independence day to some day like July 14th. Now, July 14th is known around the world as Bastille Day. That's the day in France where righteous brothers and sisters got together and stormed the Bastille, stormed the jail, and cut all the mad men loose. And we sure enough got some mad men in jail and prison right here. So, on the day that we do that, on the day that we have our own Bastille day that will be our own independence day. I don't want to talk too long on that— I know you are all here to listen to some music and get high, dance and have a good time. But, at the same time we got to take every opportunity that we can to try to talk to our people, try to talk with our people, to carry on a dialogue with our people, cause the pigs they got computers working while we're sleeping, you dig. So,

bald headed sissies. Boy, I hate it! Wow! The Black Panthers call them avaricious businessmen, but we call them vampires. They're cats like Henry the second-hand Ford, H.L. Hunt, and beasts like that. They just suck the people dry. Now, below them are the rats. These punks are the demagogic lying politicians. They're the ones who will be slipping and slithering & scurrying around setting the people up for the vampires to suck. But, like we see, here we are in the later stages of the collapse of Babylon and we see now hybrid mutants like Rockefeller. He is not only a slippery, slimy sewer rat, he's also a blood sucking vampire. Now, these two types of oppressors, the vampires and the rats, are cowardly, no dick, spineless assholes. But, they keep themselves in power by organizing, manipulating, and even oppressing the last category of oppressors, and that is, of course, racist pigs. And their standard bearer and torch bearer is none other than that hog of hogs, that top swine, the world's all-time sissy, Adolph Hitler.

Cause, these vampires and the rats they got their shit together, and they made an analysis of the situation and they studied Mao Tse-Tung and they found out that political power grows out of a barrel of a gun. So, they got their guns together and they keep themselves in complete power. But, there is a very important lesson here we have got to bring up, we have got to have discussion about it. I hope the super lefties and the anarchists can understand this because, it's paramount in organizing the people. And that is that the everyday work-a-day pig on the street is not the primary enemy. That's right. The primary enemy is way up there

keep pressure on those fools and make them make a choice; are they going to stand with the people and march down the road to liberation or are they going to be low-natured beasts and stand in the way of the people's just struggle. They got to make a choice. Either they're part of the problem or part of the solution. If they shape up and become servants of the people like they're suppose to then there won't be no trouble, there won't be no trouble at all. Those pigs got to always understand that it's the people who pay their wages, who feed their families and feed themselves. And if they are not acting in the interests of the people then they are the enemy of the people, and the people are gonna off them. That's all. So we always say for ever pig there's a frying pan.

Now this whole system, this whole system of oppression needs a front man, needs a mouth piece, needs a rallying point and that is none other than Richard the pig-hearted. But, he knows he's uptight, he knows he's on his last leg and all the fools, all those decrepit old BLAH! I can't even talk about it, man, without getting sick to my stomach. They know that they are losing their power over the people. So, they are constantly lashing out. Lashing out at the people the only way that they know how. And they whip together reactionaries all over the world. They're lashing out in Cambodia, Vietnam, and Laos. They're lashing out against our Arab brothers and sisters. They are getting ready to lash out against our Korean sisters and brothers. They are getting ready to lash out against the good people of Cuba. They're dying, they're sinking, they're falling, they can't take it no more.

You know, it's funny, the other day I was sitting in this bar with this cat drinking some beer and he knew I was on the 10 most wanted list, and he starts talking about, "man, you must be really uptight. Wow! You are on the 10 most wanted list. Man, the FBI is after your ass, the CIA, the Green Berets, all those cats. Man, you must be really uptight. How do you sleep at night? How do you fuck? How do you get high? How do you walk down the streets? How do you do anything?" And I said, "Wow! Man, it ain't like that at all. It ain't like that at all. I ain't the one that's uptight, it's them reactionaries that are uptight. I only got 3 or 4 thousand people after me, but them reactionaries, they got the whole world after them. They got people all over the world looking for their heads. So, they're in trouble, you know? It ain't me, I ain't uptight."

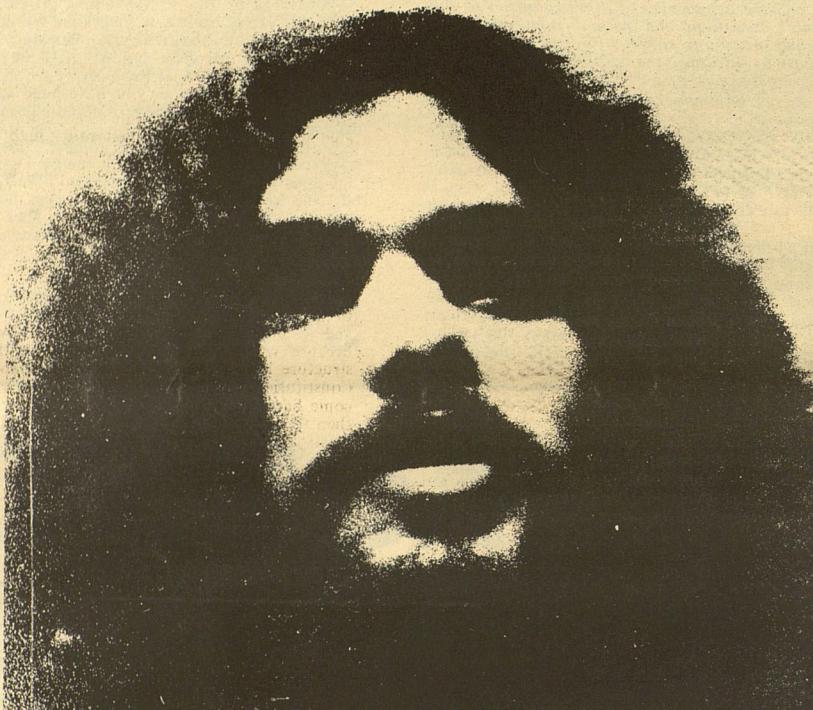
Time is always on the side of the oppressed people. Always. And we have got to remember that. All of us people have got to remember that time is always on our side. It's the pigs that are running out of time, and they show it by their actions.

Now, I've just dealt with this whole situation on a domestic level, on a local level, you see. But we've got to get away from that, cause we're part of the world-wide movement. People all over the world are dancing in the streets and they driving wooden stakes through the hearts of them vampires. And they are singing like the Rolling Stones sing, "my best friend shoots sewer rats and feeds them to his geeks." And they are following that up by "it's just a shot away," for all those racist pigs. And so, this whole system of oppression takes on an international scope.

So we not only got vampires and rats and pigs, but we got a huge octopus too. A huge white octopus that has all the characteristics of the other three monsters. Now, this is called imperialism. And it's a heinous, vicious strangler of the people's freedom all over the world. But, as the people dance they hack off a tentacle here and there. Like in Vietnam or Cambodia or Laos. And we're dancing and we're dancing right in the asshole of this whole big thing. And so we know that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun. But we also say that political power comes out of the end of a harpoon. So we've got to pick up a harpoon and jab it right up that octopus' ass and slay this monster once and for all, and then we'll do the liberation bugaloo with the rest of the people all around the world. So dance, people, dance— and seize the time and strike the match, cause we are about ready to start in earnest.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
FREE JOHN SINCLAIR
FREE CHAIRMAN BOBBY SEALE
FREE ERIKA HUGGINS
FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS

Pun Plumondon
Minister of Defense, WHITE PANTHER PARTY
And you know what! This has been an ambush!



we really have got to be on our toes, we really got to push ahead.

It's pretty hard to be sending these tapes back and forth, but I'm really gonna try to do it as much as I can as much as people want to hear it. If they don't want to hear it then fuck it. I'm still underground here in Babylon, but I ain't so far underground that I don't know that the people are getting together, and I ain't so far underground that I don't know that the people are getting down, and the people are moving in a revolutionary manner to bring ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

So, I always like to start by saying All Power to the People, cause to me that slogan is one of the most revolutionary slogans around today. To be revolutionary something must be totally new, totally different, it must embody total change, and All Power to the People certainly has all those qualities. Cause, right now in Babylon the people ain't got no power. People ain't got no political power. The people don't control their own destinies and certainly young people don't— people from the youth colony. But, in the final analysis, when you think about it, when you look at it, the people hold the ultimate power. You know, the ultimate power. The people and the people alone are the ones who write history.

We have been led to believe that history was written by Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, that racist, and Thomas Jefferson and all these other cats and we thought well, those are the cats that wrote history. But, when you think about it it's the people and the people alone that write history. The people have such unlimited energy, such unlimited imagination, and they can do anything. But, that ain't really what I want to talk about. I want to talk about Babylon. And I want to talk about structure, the power structure.

Right now in Babylon the power rests in the hands, or more correctly should I say, the power rests in the paws and hooves of three types of beasts: vampires, rats, and pigs— in that order. Now, the vampires, they're the ones at the top. They hide in caves and manipulate from caves, air-conditioned offices and panelled offices and they're

hiding in all those air-conditioned offices. He's a cannibalistic, capitalistic vampire. Now, by all means, don't get me wrong cause, I ain't flim-flamin', shuckin' and jivin' about no pigs, cause I sure enough got no thing goin' with no pigs. And I always say loud and clear, ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE, OFF THE PIGS, FREE JOHN, OFF THE PIG, FREE HUEY, OFF THE PIG, FREE ERIKA, OFF THE PIG, FREE BOBBY, OFF THE PIG, FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS, OFF THE PIG.

But we still have to understand that the pig on the street ain't our main enemy. But, we got to constantly

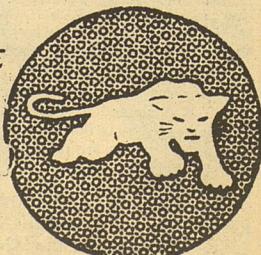
SUNDANCE

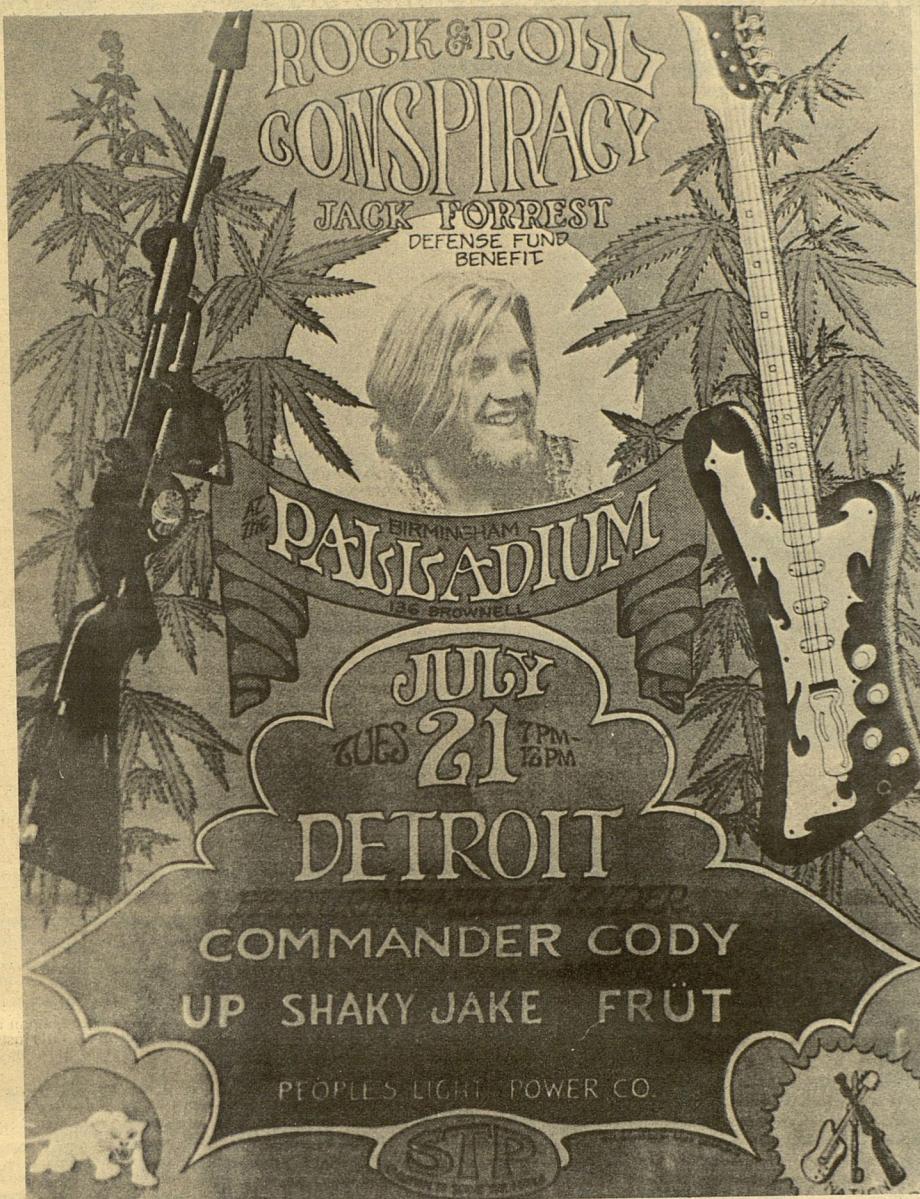
WHITE PANTHER INFORMATION SERVICE

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There is a conspiracy in our midst. The FBI/CIA Conspiracy. It is part of a plot to choke us like a fart making it hard to breathe together. J. Edgar Hog and his lackies got together with mad-man David Valler to conspire against the White Panther Party, embodied in our Chairman John Sinclair, Minister of Defense Pun Plamondon and Detroit Regional Minister of Education Jack Forest.

On October 7, 1969, three federal warrants were issued on the brothers. They had been indicted by a secret honkie Federal Grand Jury in Detroit for conspiracy to bomb the Ann Arbor CIA Recruiting Office (which was forcibly evicted by a dynamite blast.) Pun was also charged with the actual bombing. All this based on the testimony of a babbling idiot out to sell his soul to the perverted, paranoid Control Addicts in the government.

Brother Jack was arrested at gunpoint by 12 FBI swine while he was asleep bed-ridden with pneumonia and a broken leg. Chairman John was served a warrant in Marquette Prison and brought to Detroit in chains for arraignment. Minister of Defense Pun Plamondon heard about the whole ruse on the car radio and immediately went underground in Amerika and has proceeded to develop a revolutionary underground with the rest of Babylon's outlaws, liberation fighters, and guerrillas. He has had the honor of being rewarded for his pioneer work by being placed on the FBI Ten Most Wanted List (or is it 11 or 15 or 20,000? . . .)

Brother Pun has offered to turn himself in to these lunatics on the condition that all bullshit 1984 conspiracy charges (thought crimes) be dropped from Chairman John, Brother Jack, and himself, because we can prove his innocence on the bombing charge. The only criminal conspiracy we recognize is the Amerikan Government, with the shots being called by the greedy ruling class—those vampires in mansions and penthouses and yachts. It is a conspiracy to recreate fascism and abolish justice. We have persistently sought a speedy trial for our Chairman, as guaranteed in the U.S. Constitution, yet liberal Negro Federal Judge Damon Keith refuses to bring the case to trial. He does this in collusion with the U.S. Just-Us Department's attempt to keep John incarcerated illegally. We have consistently sought the transcript of David Valler's testimony before the Federal Grand Jury so the Party could construct a legal defense with our lawyers, yet it has been kept secret. The court has refused to order a psychiatric examination of Valler.

The government is attempting to delay the trial of brothers John and Jack until they capture Pun. We are ready to go to trial right now. We are eager to expose the real conspirators and stop the growth of fascism forever. John, Jack, and Pun are innocent, and we are ready to go to trial on these five charges because we can win. If the pigs in the power structure have any respect left for the law and the Constitution, they will drop these charges so Pun can come back home to national headquarters. If not, then these hybrid USA swastika swine will have to be blasted to the Moon along with aspiring astronaut Spiro Agnew by any means necessary. We are sick and tired of being sick and tired; we join with this great humanity and move forward serving the people and stopping the pig. Right on. It is time to proceed to build COMMUNEism, to defend our lifestyle, to serve notice on those conspiring greed-creeps in Washington, D.C. to pack their trick bags, shift gears and shove off—this planet belongs to the people.

Skip Taube, Minister of the Interior, WPP (operating in the bleached belly of the beast.)

WHITE PANTHER

10 POINT PROGRAM

1. WE WANT FREEDOM. WE WANT THE POWER FOR ALL PEOPLE TO DETERMINE THEIR OWN DESTINIES.

2. WE WANT JUSTICE. WE WANT AN IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL END TO ALL POLITICAL, CULTURAL, AND SEXIST REPRESSION OF ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLES ALL OVER THE WORLD, PARTICULARLY THE REPRESSION OF WOMEN, OF BLACK PEOPLE, YOUNG PEOPLE, AND ALL NATIONAL MINORITIES WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERIKA. WE WANT THE COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION OF THE SO-CALLED LEGAL SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES SO THAT THE LAWS AND COURTS AND POLICE AND MILITARY WILL FUNCTION ONLY IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF ALL THE PEOPLE. WE WANT THE END OF ALL POLICE AND MILITARY VIOLENCE DIRECTED AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH RIGHT NOW!

3. WE WANT A FREE WORLD ECONOMY BASED ON FREE EXCHANGE OF ENERGY AND MATERIALS AND THE END OF MONEY.

4. WE WANT A CLEAN PLANET AND A HEALTHY PEOPLES. WE WANT TO ELIMINATE ALL INDUSTRIAL AND MILITARY POLLUTION OF THE LAND, THE WATER, THE AIR, AND THE MINDS AND BODIES ARE NOW POLLUTED BY THE PRODUCTS AND THE PROPAGANDA OF THE CONSUMER/WAR SOCIETY. WE WANT TO RESTORE THE ECOLOGICAL BALANCE OF THE PLANET AND SECURE THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

5. WE WANT A FREE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM THAT WILL TEACH EACH MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD ON EARTH EXACTLY WHAT EACH NEEDS TO KNOW TO SURVIVE AND GROW INTO HIS OR HER FULL HUMAN POTENTIAL.

6. WE WANT TO FREE ALL STRUCTURES FROM CORPORATE RULE AND TURN ALL THE BUILDINGS AND LAND OVER TO THE PEOPLE AT ONCE.

7. WE WANT FREE ACCESS TO ALL INFORMATION MEDIA AND TO ALL TECHNOLOGY FOR ALL THE PEOPLE.

8. WE WANT THE FREEDOM OF ALL PEOPLE WHO ARE BEING HELD AGAINST THEIR WILL IN THE CONSCRIPTED ARMIES OF THE OPPRESSOR THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

9. WE WANT THE FREEDOM OF ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS OF WAR HELD IN FEDERAL, STATE, COUNTY, AND CITY JAILS AND PRISONS. WE WANT THEM RETURNED TO THEIR COMMUNITIES AT ONCE!

10. WE WANT A FREE PLANET. WE WANT FREE LAND, FREE FOOD, FREE SHELTER, FREE CLOTHING, FREE MUSIC, AND FREE CULTURE, FREE MEDIA, FREE TECHNOLOGY, FREE EDUCATION, FREE HEALTH CARE, FREE BODIES, FREE PEOPLE, FREE TIME AND SPACE, EVERYTHING FREE FOR EVERY BODY!

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Comin' to Town and Seein' His Own Planet Comein'



**"DO WHAT YOU WILL
BLACK BART, BUT
NOTHING CAN STOP
US FROM SERVING
THE PEOPLE!"**

Argus: Start the interview. How was California?

Danny: Start with an easier one.

Cody: Last thing I saw in California was East Oakland.

Danny: Basically, there's no difference between East Oakland and Detroit.

Argus: You're going back to California aren't you?

Cody: We're going back to California, not East Oakland.

It's really nice in California.

Argus: You signed with Fillmore when you were out there, didn't you?

Cody: No, we haven't signed anything.

Argus: Are you going to?

Cody: I don't know, I think so. Could be. All these advance things keep leaking out somehow. I think we're gonna do it with them. I'll tell you the reason is that they're in San Francisco and we're in San Francisco, and we don't have to go to LA or New York or something if we don't want to—we'll just go there and do it.

Argus: So your whole operation is based out of San Francisco, not here anymore?

Cody: I think so. There's just not enough places to gig around here—we have a lot of trouble playing in Detroit.

Billy C: We'll always be back.

Cody: We come back every three months. There are a few people who have not helped us a lot with gigs in Detroit. We have not yet been able to defeat the Detroit political rock and roll machine at this point. Maybe we come back the next time and we'll be able to do it, cause I really like to get down in Detroit. We did it a couple of times, but we were exploited by the dollar hungry chomps, shall we say. It's much nicer out there—it's more diversified, there's more places to play.

Argus: You don't have to work with chomps like Quattro?

Cody: It's like there's no comparison between those dudes and say Bill Graham—it's a different league. Everyone was down on Bill Graham for awhile, we were down on him, but he's just a straight businessman, he don't do nothin' behind your back. If you don't draw for him, he will fire you—that's a fact. He won't hire us to play in the Fillmore West right now because we don't draw for them and the last gig we did there was with...uh...Doug Kershaw. So, you know, there's lots of other places to play, and like no one person controls it.

Argus: You played with Kershaw at the Fillmore? Oh, was that the gig when someone tried to throw him off the stage?

Cody: Well, the first night there somebody hit him with an apple. The second night a teenage girl came in with a poem about the apple and they brought the chick on the stage with the poem about the apple and she read it and he held her hand and 6,000 bored people flipped out.

Argus: What are the crowds out there like?

Cody: The crowds are real nice, they like to hear good jams.

Billy C: A lot of them are real stoned.

Cody: Our favorite place to play is the Matrix, it's really great. Doesn't cost too much to come in, you can get really blasted...we do a lot of gigs in the park, stuff like that, Provo Park—it's really nice. They have like 3 or 4 free concerts a week—apparently no hassles in getting permits.

You know the pop festival at Steven's Point—three people got shot, people rose against the bikers. Steven's Point is in Wisconsin.

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Argus: How did you guys get into country and western instead of rock and roll?

Billy C: Well, like I was a country music fan from way back. We got together a long time ago and we just used to play rock and roll music just for laughs...we got into it.

Cody: About five years ago they had a Buck Owens sale at Kampus Corners—\$1.98 for all the Buck Owens albums.

They sold two—one to the Creeper and one to me.

Argus: Where's Bill Kurchan?

Cody: Kurchan's got a heavy date—dinner—and he's jamming with some people.

Argus: You've always been known as the people's band. How did it happen?

Cody: We play free all the time, as much as possible.

Argus: We heard Russ Gibb called you up and told...

Cody: Called us up and told us it's not really good to play for free. Well, I don't know, it's a weird thing that's going on with rock and roll bands—they're very uptight about bands playing free.

Argus: Yeah, we heard in the same conversation that he told you if you wanted to play at Goose Lake you would have to sign exclusively with DMA (booking agency).

Cody: Yeah, it was something like that. Joe talked to him on the phone—it was a late night phone call, pretty bizarre.

We're the people's band because we play the people's kind of music, and we play for free a lot, and everybody gets down and digs us, and that's where we're at. We play for free all the time, and it ain't ever gonna cost you that much money to hear us. But we're gonna try to sell records, you know, and we play gigs for money because we're trying to support ourselves.

Argus: When do you think you're gonna have a record out?

Cody: I hope to have an album and a single out by August.

Argus: Will it be a live album?

Cody: I don't know. I really hope that parts of it will be live. We will try to do it all live. I can't imagine a studio cut of Lost in the Ozone. ...if that tape of the one we did Sunday night, with the drum and bass solo you know...just that kind of live feeling. It was killer.

Argus: Where did you get the whole concept of Ozone?

Cody: Ozone is mostly Panther White, J.C. Crawford, and Billy C from a long time ago. Can we have a few tiny words on the origin of the Ozone?

Billy C: I'm proud to have been there and back. I got the idea from Jesse and Panther cause I hung around with them, and I wrote a song about two years ago just after Creeper got his fancy steel guitar.

Argus: Danny, how'd you come in the band?

Danny: Me? Um, yeah, well, I knew Bill Kurchan vaguely from Canterbury and Marks, he used to back up folk singers around town. It started out a year before that when I was marching down the street, beat, after a hard day of practice, I was accosted by one of two drunken bums who jumped in front of me and asked me if I wanted to join a country western band. Of course I... (totally incomprehensible)...so I hated country western music until Kurchan a year later told me it was gonna be big so I dug it.

Argus: Did you teach in high school?

Cody: No, I never taught high school. That was a Big Fat misprint. I taught at Oshkosh—State U.

In 1968 five thousand Wisconsin State University students lined up across Highway 41 and protested the raising

of the drinking age to 21. In 1969 fifty of em protested the ousting of all the black students from Wisconsin State University. That shows you where Wisconsin State University is at.

Argus: No wonder you quit teaching there.

Cody: I just split. I had relatively short hair at that time, and it still was weird. Oshkosh...

Argus: Do you ever play any bars?

Cody: Every once in awhile we invade a straight bar. We invaded this place in Hayward, California, one of your hillbilly capitals with our friend, Campbell Covis, ex country and western swing guitar picker, who's really fantastic. He was doin a gig with a country and western trio, and we kinda went in there. Billy C couldn't stay because he had a underage date. He took my car and attempted to make it back home but the rest of us stayed, and jammed along with this guy, this country and western singer. He didn't want to let us on the stage because they figured we were gonna play psychedelic music. It was really sort of uptight. We went up there and played a set of country & western and this country & western singer came up and sang with us for about three hours. Once they found out we could actually play good they loved it, the fear thing broke down. They had a common ground—they could talk to us and it was alright.

Billy C: They laughed at us on the way in and bought us beers on the way out.

Argus: You plan on goin down South?

Cody: No.

Argus: How about Nashville?

Cody: Oh yeah, we'd love to go to Nashville. We were there last October, it was out of sight. We will be there again—we didn't play, we just dug it. We jumped into the truck real bored, Creeper and me and Kurchan and famous Kevin Blacky Carl—started in Berkeley and wound up in Nashville, Tennessee. We got as stoned as possible.

Argus: You used to play in Chicago with Musselwhite didn't you?

Bruce: Yeah, I played a couple of gigs there.

Cody: Bruce joined up with us when our bass player quit three days before the Berkeley folk festival. He was hanging around the New Orleans House—he'd just quit Musselwhite and was looking for a gig and we got together.

Argus: How long are you gonna be in Ann Arbor this time?

Cody: When we came from California we had planned on staying through the Blues Festival and splitting after that which we may still do. I'd really like to, but we may not be able to afford it because we don't have any bread. The only paying gigs we've had are every couple weeks, so we're averaging about 30 dollars a man per week which is just about enough to get by.

Argus: Have you played at any of the ballrooms?

Cody: We played at the Palladium and at Wompler's Lake, but they won't hire us at the Eastown, or they want to give us such a ridiculously low amount of money because we don't have an album out or because we don't have a contract with this or that booking agency and blah blah

blah. So I guess the idea is that we gotta come back with a record album out in order to play for the kids in Detroit. We played in Detroit free a couple of times—we played a benefit last night—weren't too many people there.

I really have no idea what's happening with the Detroit music scene—most of the bands are about the same—there's not much of a scene happening. There's been a viable Detroit sound, but they oughta hear somethin else.

Argus: Music-wise, the scene that comes out of the Motor City, rock and roll, is probably one of the best, don't you think?

Billy C: I think that the only other one that could be up there is San Francisco. It's really two different things

money out of your paycheck to pay for fixing the piano every time?

Cody: No. It was the Family Dog. Well, the Family Dog doesn't have any money, so we would volunteer like part of our thing. They helped us out—that's a great thing. They have to close down every couple months. They get the local talent, whereas Graham has the money to get the big talent from outside. Dog wants to try to establish a local ballroom scene, as opposed to the ballrooms that draw the high school kids in neighboring areas, which is what the Fillmore does.

Argus: We saw you at the Canterbury House last weekend—

Cody: That was a kind of weird weekend—we had to



there—everybody plays in everybody else's band, everybody jams all the time.

Cody: Berkeley is really where it's happening. San Francisco was really cold to us at first, it took longer...big city. The two places that are the most responsible are the Family Dog and the Matrix.

We were doing really good because finally what happened was we signed a manager who was very obnoxious but had his connections. We were doing well, but what happened was that he would show up at a gig and the whole band would get bummed out, so we just couldn't play. At that Winterland gig that was IT, he stole some money from us. We had to go back like several months, giving up all his connections to hire somebody we could trust and at least be sure of what we were doing. We were gonna sign a record contract but didn't because we woulda had to sign it with him, and that would have been a catastrophe.

Argus: So where are you mostly playing out west?

Cody: We play mostly up and down the coast of California.

Argus: Wasn't the Matrix the place where they took

charge \$2-\$2 crowd—but we had to do it. The last set on Sunday night was pretty good—everybody got off their feet.

Coming back to Ann Arbor in the summer is great—outdoors in the park and everybody loves the bands. We're scheduled 2 August in the park again. Why doesn't pizza Bob announce in the park?

Argus: Didn't you write a tune in answer to Okie from Muskogee?

Cody: Blacky Farrow and Bill Kurchan wrote a song called Hippie from Mississippi. Actually, what they did was write a chorus which went like, trying to be a hippie from Mississippi, a place where even chomps could have a ball flash the v sign... Merle Haggard is after the big buck. He's got one of the best bands in show business. A lot of his stuff has been fantastic. The last six months he flipped out.

A short tale of what happens when you take an overdose of LSD and drink a fifth of rot gut whiskey. A friend of ours did that very thing, kicked the shit out of our house, pissed on the windows. The point of the story is that it wasn't his fault. He was the victim of rot gut whiskey.

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FREE ERIKA

MESSAGE FROM ELDREDGE TO
SISTER ERIKA HUGGINS



Sister Erika should be a stinging rebuke to all manifestations of male chauvinism within our ranks. That we must purge our ranks and our hearts, and our minds, and our understanding of any chauvinism, chauvinistic behavior, or disrespectful behavior toward women. That we must too recognize that a woman can be just as revolutionary as a man, and that she has equal stature along with men, and that we cannot prejudget her in any manner, that we cannot relegate her to an inferior position. That we have to recognize our women as our equals and that revolutionary standards of principles demand that we go to great lengths to see to it that disciplinary action is taken on all levels against those who manifest male chauvinism behavior.

Because the liberation of women is one of the most important issues facing the world today. Great efforts have been made in various parts of the world to do something about this, but I know from my own experience that the smouldering and the burning of the flame descending for liberation of women in Babylon is the issue that is going to explode, and if we're not careful it's going to destroy our ranks, destroy our organization, because women want to be liberated just as all oppressed people want to be

liberated.

So if we want to go around and call ourselves a vanguard organization, then we've got to be the vanguard in all our behaviour, the vanguard in the area of women's liberation, and set an example in that area, and all of us to start being respectful and not condescending and patronizing, but to really understand and look upon this question, recognize, that women are our other half, they're not our weaker half, but they are our stronger half, but they are our other half, and that we sell ourselves out, we sell our children out, and we sell our women out when we treat them in any other manner.

We have to be very careful about that, and Sister Erika Huggins is a shining example of a revolutionary woman who's been meted out the same kind of injustice from the pig power structure that a revolutionary man receives. So they didn't put her in a powder puffed cell. They did not make life easy for her. But the pigs recognized a revolutionary woman to be just as much a threat as a revolutionary man.

And so we recognize that we also have a duty to stop inflicting injustices of misuse on women. We have to be very careful about that, and we all know the problem. But I'm saying that it's mandatory, the Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton has said that it is mandatory, that all manifestations of male chauvinism be excluded from our ranks, and that sisters have a duty and the right to do whatever they want to do in order to see to it that they are not relegated to an inferior position and treated as though they are not equal members of the Party and equal in all regards. And that they are not subjected to male practices.

And Sister Erika Huggins is a good example of a revolutionary woman who has sacrificed everything, including her husband. So Sister Erika—Right on. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

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TRIBAL GATHERING

A gathering of all Ann Arbor tribes was called on July 14 in hopes of bringing the Ann Arbor community together by working together. The groups that showed up were ARM, White Panthers, the Big Steel, Sunday Concert Committee, Legal Self-Defense Fund, and other people and organizations which serve the people. The meeting was a success; everybody participated in the collective decision-making process. We call ourselves the Ann Arbor Tribal Council.

The meeting began with discussion of the possibilities for new management for the Big Steel, which is not serving the cultural needs of the people yet. It was revealed that the Ballroom is being rented by Randy Eaton and Mike Todd (Todd was formerly connected with Todd's Clothes, Inc.) for approximately 900 a month. Even with a regular admission charge of \$1.50 the two are going into debt. Apparently they have mishandled funds; they take little interest in what goes on at the Ballroom and how it is run. The property is owned by a wealthy capitalist is Florida. The two managers do not want to take on the responsibility of maintaining the Big Steel.

A people's committee of 10 people from the council was formed to consult an attorney and explore the possibilities of gaining control of the ballroom, thus creating a people's ballroom.

Remodeling plans were also discussed and it was decided that the Big Steel needs paint, props, insulation, a new light show stand and possibly a better stage.

The next point on the agenda was the Sunday concerts in Diana Oughton Memorial Park. A new P.A. system is badly needed and plans are being made to investigate this. We need a P.A. that the people will own. The free concert program is in need of funds; contact Pete Andrews if you can help out.

The next meeting of the Ann Arbor Tribal Council will be held at 927 Mary Street on July 22 at 8:00 PM. Be there.

Concerts???

Recently at a Tribal Council Meeting, the subject was brought up that there was someone who had started passing around a petition to end the free concerts in the parks.

A brother and I went down to City Hall to the park commissioners office and learned that there was a petition going around and that it was started by one of the rich men that lived by the park.

The petition supposedly started because on one of the days of the concert, there were cars parked all over his front lawn and that he offered six hundred dollars to have all the cars towed away.

The police ticketed over half of the cars and a few days later a envelope was received in the mail at City Hall with over thirty of the tickets in it along with a message that said, "here are the tickets that your fascist pigs gave the people."

Because there were so many tickets turned in they had to be cancelled and no fines will be paid.

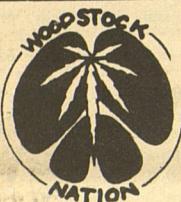
The administrator said that he didn't think the petition would do anything because the people that live by the park didn't sign it and that it would cause too much trouble if they close them down.

OZONE !!!

Just recently Marshall's bookstore went out of business. Now what used to be Marshall's is now the Drug Clinic, the Ozone House and Network.

Ozone House is now putting more energy into setting up a community center, while they are still trying to organize a new plan for runaways.

The Drug Help Clinic is now prepared to take cases from off the street and the emergency telephone number has been changed to 761-HELP.



COMMUNITY



Down On Ann Street



Brother John Sinclair is in prison serving a 9½ to 10 year term for possession of two marijuana cigarettes. But with his imprisonment things have taken a sudden turn. The people begin to realize what it means to buck the establishment. They see what a close knit group of facists, the representative government of the United States in Ann Arbor is.

But then again I wonder do you really see what's going on. I am a black man; Until recently Ann St. life was all I knew but what I know I know well.

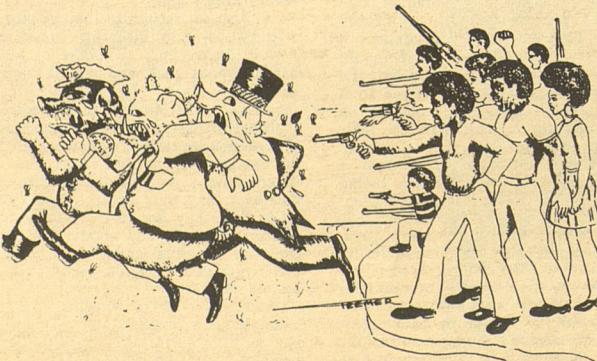
I have seen with mine own eyes the life bubble and run out of a man. I have seen men lose two, three, and even up to eleven hundred dollars in a crap game, and beg borrow and steal twenty dollars to get back in it. I've seen my black brothers and sisters fall to the ground and not be able to rise of their own accord. Why? From hard dope, cocaine, herion, speed, which tend to corrode and tear your system down.

Where do they get it? We, and these are my Black brothers and sisters so I am as much a part of this as anyone, get it from White, Racist, America. It is pumped into the black ghetto even quicker and more efficient than food.

One particular act of facist injustice happened not to very long ago. A brother was positively identified as the person who ripped off a pizza man. Evidence was the fact that he was identified as once going to school with the guy that got ripped off. Only the brothers lawyer with a little luck and a stroke of genius saved him. Under oath the delivery man said that the person that ripped him off was in the court room and was in fact the defendant. What he didn't know was that the person whom he named was a smaller brother of the alleged ripper and that the true defendant was in the back of the courtroom next to me.

Facist ass pig, Judge Elden showed the people his true colors. I hold you in contempt of court speaking to the brothers lawyer, nothing like this has ever happened in my courtroom before.

Instances like these are the cue for the people to stand up and let the world see that we will no longer stand for all this shit. Throw-off the chains of Capitalism. Bear arms against legal and all aggression, brothers and sisters everyday you read of laws being passed on gun control. Now is the time to arm yourselves and be ready for revolution.



1. We want freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our Black Community.

You Probably Wonder Why We're Here

The homosexual experience in America can be hell. Gratuitous statement for some of us, but hardly if at all understood by most. And most not only means straights but gays who don't understand and often refuse to understand what that experience really involves.

Within the few months of its existence, the Ann Arbor Gay Liberation Front has been thrown out of two places, Canterbury House and the Michigan Union; it has been denied the right to a conference, received insulting and dehumanizing letters from President Fleming, and been the target of any kind of harassment policy that the University administration can dream up.

The dehumanizing regimen that society has worked out for homosexuals is fantastic in its complexity and its cruelty. All the way from society's inability to cope with open shown affection between members of the same sex and its consequently pushing them into "gay ghettos," to its legal penalties, its religious condemnation, its moral censure, and its economic exploitation in Mafia-operated pleasure domes.

Tuesday, July 7, Stanford Wells, director of the Union, further perverted establishment logic. To the currently held assumption that nothing associated with GLF can be "right" was added: anything that is not "right" can be associated with GLF.

Several members of GLF, not acting on behalf of the group, participated in a guerrilla theatre performance on Cambodia Day; included in the theatre troupe were members of Women's Liberation and SDS.

Wells has been casting around for some kind of excuse to take an action to show that he is a member of the University administrative team. We assume that he thinks that he has brought himself in step with Fleming by excluding GLF from any further use of the Union facilities. The theatre which Wells said was "disgusting" was the "perfect" thing, though there is some evidence that Wells

himself did not see the performance.

What is it about Gay Liberation that so threatens capitalist Amerikan society? When the homosexual stands up and proudly announces that his or her experience, love and reality are just as valid as the heterosexual's, that there is no shame, that there need be no sickness as has been steadily maintained by society, then the heterosexual's traditional value orientation is threatened with destruction.

A society that depends upon artificially created scarcity and demand, even though mouting freedom of choice, cannot accept alternatives if people choose to take them. In the concern for image, a democratic society must defend freedom of choice; but when the freedom of choice involves taking alternatives never before taken and alternatives that contradict some of the traditional values (e.g. trying to live as a homosexual with the pride and validity due any human being), then the society will suppress freedom of choice and "defend its traditional values." In that freedom of choice is a traditional value, the system is hypocritical and self-destructive.

Among Amerika's traditional values number racism, oppression of all minorities and oppression of women. Another traditional Amerikan value is that of the strong, aggressive, insensitive, "penetrating" male.

The Gay Liberation Front along with Women's Liberation is devoted to the destruction of chauvinism. It is only through bisexuality that individuals may find meaningful relationships wherever they may be rather than meaningless relationships where they are supposed to be.

—Michael Jones & John Uecker

Note: The above is the leaflet that was distributed at the Gay Lib demonstration at the Union on July 14. There were repeated performances of the right on "forbidden" play, "The Rape of the Cambodian Women." The scheduled meeting of the Union Board, unfortunately, was postponed until next week.

HOP-A-LONG HARVEY

Sheriff Harvey and his 18 year old son were supposedly taking an afternoon joy cruise on a loaned out cycle. They were going west on the I-94 expressway when suddenly the gas feed cable broke, causing the cycle to speed up to um-teen miles an hour. As the cycle sped into the sunset at highly rising speeds, Harvey lost control and the cycle jumped the median and landed in the east bound expressway.

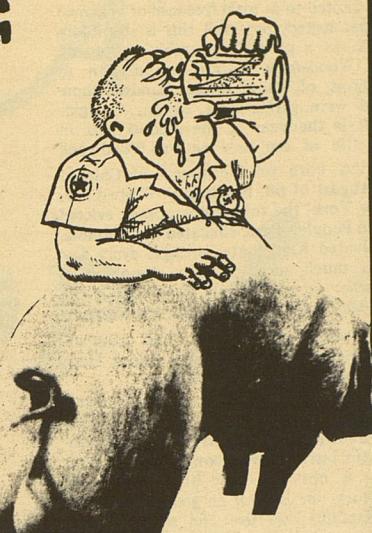
At that very moment a semi truck was bellowing down the east bound, with the grill aiming right at Harvey's snout. The reaction of the truck driver was to slam on the brakes, narrowly avoiding sure death for our 'man in crime.'

Then Harvey and his son finally ended up skidding across the expressway on their asses and running a ground in a knee deep muddy ditch.

They both wound up in the hospital with scrapes and bruises, Doug with a fractured foot.

Harvey told the story of the wreck as if it were just an accident, but unformed sources say that Harvey was not just going for a cruise—he was hot rodding for his kicks, getting off flying 90 miles a hour down the expressway, weaving in and out of the traffic, carelessly driving, and his actions made him seem to be drunkenly crazed.

The driver of the truck, Minister of Transportation for the White Panther Party, what



most anybody would have done under the circumstances, but what if it had been someone who recognized the driver of the cycle? Would they have stopped or would there have been 'pig hock' on the hi-way?

At this point Harvey continues to go down hill more everyday. He cannot stop fuckin up. Every time he tries to pull something off slick he fucks up and then he always denies his mistake or says 'It was only in the line of doo-ty.'

Everybody gets their dues but the devil

Judge Says "OINK" TO FUZZY

Today I witnessed pig justice in action when I went to brother Fuzzy's trial, and the charge was malicious destruction. At 12:00 on the night of Feb. 15 at the Union Ballroom in Ypsi, a benefit held for Huey P. Newton. While the light show was still going on and the band was still playing the pigs came in and told everyone they had to split because the benefit was over. The light show was packing up their equipment when the pigs told them to get out, which they did. The light show was Trans Loves' and Fuzzy Backus, Skip Taube, Peggy Taube, Doug Connelly, Darlene Pond, Terry Taube, and Hiawatha Bailey were running it. It was really cold outside so they were waiting for their ride inside the Union when they were shoved outside by the pigs. They were outside when Gary who was inside opened the door to let some of the heat out. A pig came up in back of Gary, so he split and pig tried to shut the glass door but Skip Taube's shoulder was in the way. The pig tried again, and he pulled the door so hard that it shattered on his knee. Hearing the glass shatter the pig grabbed brother Fuzzy and arrested him.

In court the pig that arrested Fuzzy claimed to have been the one at the door, but he was actually about 20 ft. away and could not have possibly seen anything. The judge ruled brother Fuzzy guilty, even after 3 people testified that the door had shattered on the pigs knee. Will the injustice never end?

BUST, BEAT, RUN

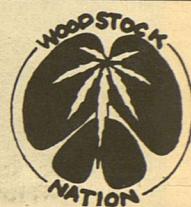
Tuesday morning, July 14, two sisters and I were truckin down State Street up by PJ's when one of our brothers had called to us for help. We turned around and noticed that he was laying on the ground and couldn't move. We then noticed that there were two men standing right next to him and wouldn't let him up. When we walked over there to him we learned that they were two plainclothes narcotics pigs.

I then asked one of the pigs which was practically standing on top of him what was wrong and why he had our brother in handcuffs. He told us that we had better leave because it was none of our business I then told him that I did have a right to know so he then told me that he would refuse the boy his rights if he told us what was wrong. I knew that I was never going to get the answer from the pig so I asked our brother and he told me it was because he had been busted for possession of 1000 hits of speed. I then noticed that there was blood all over his leg. He told me that the pigs had done it when they were beating him up.

The pig then told us to leave or he would do something about it. (I don't know what he could have done because there is no law that says you can't look at a couple of animals on the street.)

A squad car then came and took the boy to Platt Road Detention Home where he is now awaiting trial.

INFORMATION



President Nixon (his strings held by big business) is interviewed by the Press. Note the Union observer in the window.

GUERRILLA THEATRE IN ACTION

The streets belong to the people! Theatre belongs in the streets, so that it can reach the people! In accordance with these principles Ann Arbor Womens Liberation and Gay Liberation Front put on a guerrilla theatre action with antimilitarist, antinazi sex politics.

The sequence was as follows:

The troupe marches in as an army unit in training, regimented and dehumanized, shouting "Kill," but in a tired and mechanical way.

A training film acted out by the troupe is shown:

Soldiers find a Vietnamese girl and under the pretense of interrogation, rape her—first making sure she is "clean," (we hoped that racism and sexism would be apparent to all)

One of the soldiers helps her to escape. As the film comes to an end, the army continues to use sex to control and punish people: the rest of the soldiers rape him.

Then there is a lecture about loving one's gun, in which the men masturbate their guns. (The military channels our brother's sexuality so that killing becomes its expression.) When the troupe is ordered to its feet again and further regimented, the people revolt against the dehumanization by embracing—women with women, man with women, and man with man. The sergeant shoots them dead.

We put on this performance in several places around campus: by ROTC, the Union, and the Diag. At ROTC our audience included several people who watched all the performances, remarking on how the improved with repetition. At the Diag, we played on the library steps to a large crowd. Had we thought of it, we could have collected bread. Some businessman types asked us what was going on. Other people who understood better, were shocked and deeply removed.

We went to Selfridge Air Force Base to put on the same show. The Amerikan Servicemen's Union and the antiwar movement had shut down the Memorial Day air show, and the base was closed to the public, so we played the demonstration outside the gate. We recruited new players from the crowd—including Fred, a beau-

tiful old man who wanted to join us. By playing the aged father of the raped Vietnamese village girl, fighting to save her, Fred helped to put across the heavy politics of the action. Not only that: He reaffirmed the solidarity of the old with the young in the struggle against Amerikan Imperialism.

This theatre action took little time: one evening plus on the spot rehearsals. It took almost no props, arrangements, or stage. All our sisters and brothers who wanted to get across a revolutionary message can, and should use guerrilla theatre. In guerrilla theatre, as Fred showed, you can use all the resources at hand to put across the message.

People have become immune to placards, slogan chanters, and passive leaflets. But mobile

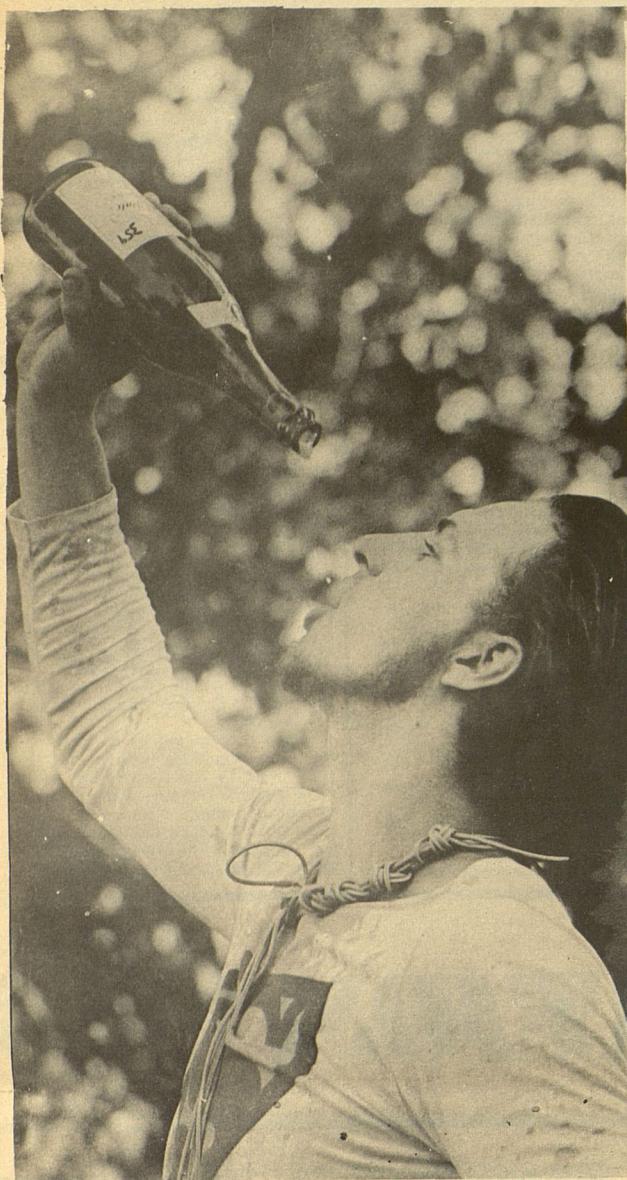
guerrilla theatre goes right to the people. "Guerrilla theatre goes right to the people. Guerrilla" means the action comes at unexpected times, in unexpected places. "Theatre is a three dimensional propaganda device. Guerrilla theatre action theatre: the physical message is primary; the words are secondary. Guerrilla theatre is an experience outside the fat-ass air-conditioned atmosphere of professional capitalistic theatre. The audience must become involved because the theatre is an inescapable fact of environment. Furthermore, because it actually liberates capitalist land for the use of the people, guerrilla theatre is in itself a revolutionary act.

In our militaristic capitalist system, Gay people and women are oppressed by much the same kind of economic exploitation and forced role-playing.

Therefore there is a natural alliance between Women's Liberation and Gay Liberation Front. In the present effort to reach the people, our alliance proved valuable to both groups. The leaflets for this action, for example were each Ann Arbor chapter's first written position statement.

The leaflets will be available through the Women's House. Come read them and find out more about the political content of the Women's Gay Alliance.

Women's House, 824 McKinley Apt. 3



photos/ : Annie



Let us celebrate the triumph of Byron.
WE DID A THING!

To understand its nature and its impact we must see the Atlanta Pop Festival *not* as a "musical extravaganza," nor simply as an occasion to do all the dope we wanted to in total freedom or a chance to get naked, but—and this is absolutely basic—as a people's assembly in, of and for Woodstock Nation, population in millions, of whom several hundred thousand were gathered at Byron, Georgia.

It is the year 2, the second year in the life of our new nation—Woodstock Nation—born on the streets of Chicago in August of 68, baptized in White Lake, New York, the following summer, evicted from People's Park, educated at Columbia, graduated Kent State, stronger every day with much more than a chronological growth: a new nation, conceived in the bowels of the Monster and dedicated to the liberation of all the Kims from all the Spiros. Learning more about How in Byron.

If the idea of us as a "nation" seems, at first, farfetched, it's because nations are traditionally defined in terms of contiguous territory with continuous borders. Ours is not—yet. We hold title to no territory, we *control* no geographic space in Amerika; we live and evolve in significant but very small and widely scattered aggregations of spaces—10th Street Atlanta, Lower East Side, Bay Area, the Commons in Boston.

And we are more than this, we have residents of *consciousness* who can be found in every city, town, hamlet and countryside from coast to coast. No matter how strong our numbers, pigs riddle even our most secure areas. And every time a billy club comes down on a head in California, all the longhairs across the country, down into the Deep South of Byron, Georgia—we all feel the blow.

So our nation is measured not in square miles but in People. And more than by mere numbers of people (another dehumanizing form of body count), we are measured by our consciousness, by our commitment, by our dedication to

ATL



the establishment of new life in the rotten gut of Babylon/monster/Amerika. It is in that way, with that understanding, that it makes sense to speak of Byron as a triumph.

Because Byron was about growth. "No one who was there," blares the billboard for Woodstock (the movie) "will ever be the same again." More than you know, Warner Brothers, more than you know.

We came to Byron hopeful but uptight. We left joyful and confident, because not only had we done a Thing, but the way we learned to do it was by the very process of doing it.

As at Woodstock, we were many hundred thousands strong. Some say 5, some say 4 or 3, some say 2½ hundred thousands. In any case, these thousands were confined to 162 acres. If you can imagine cramming the population of Atlanta into a quarter of a square mile, you get some picture of the squeeze.

Allowing 75 square feet for each of the 30,000 cars in that area, there remained for all the people present a legal allotment of 11,749 square feet—a space measuring roughly 3½ feet square per person. Should we be surprised that "private property" was "trespassed," or that a "private" club (so labelled to "keep out the niggers") refused even to negotiate for the use of their land and lake?

The Silent Majority of Amerika cannot comprehend either this magnitude (quantity) or the consciousness (quality) of the people at the festival; nor could they be

expected to understand.

Our own failures within the New come straight out of the system of values and institutions that grasps these millions in its iron jaws. And so we are just beginning our struggle to break free. We make mistakes. The many failures within this gathering together of Woodstock Nation flow directly from the system which renders the straight world incapable of digging the truth of the event. Our own incompetencies stem from capitalist conditioning the day we were born in Amerika where you hustle for the dollar and take care of ol' number one first and foremost.

The system has challenged us to take ourselves seriously as Woodstock Nation. Amerika comes on strong; it is powerful—the most powerful empire in the history of our planet—and it takes a shitload of revolutionary discipline (not Amerikan "discipline") to maintain and nourish our consciousness of a citizenship distinct from Amerika.

We are conditioned to remain ignorant. Conditioned to be specialists in a capitalist industrial system where everyone has his "place." Trained to call in an "expert" when something goes wrong, channelled into brain factories instead of (also) being taught that our hands and heads will work creatively if we use them; educated into the inability to repair our automobiles, build fires or find our way out of the woods.

Pampered in and by an obscenely affluent society, we overlook the real fact that the economic resources of Wood-

stock Nation are not of affluence, resemble people, might at first g

At the fest wasting of pre squandering of should have go promoters but

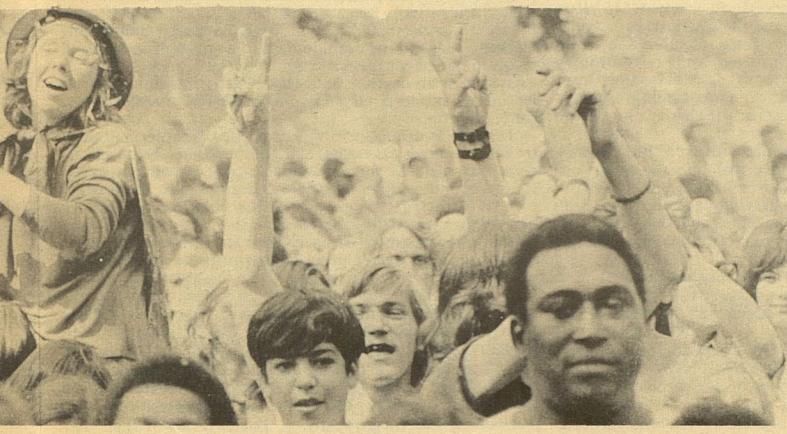
Music drew a day bath in the back our bodies the tyranny of We came as p only responsib festival was to Disneyland.

Only it did 80-90% of the have tickets a buying them at they could not they figured so force the promoters.

Thursday n that's where it against them (they ended to cancel tickets were m "losses"—that vation creates read reported as fac tution) that bishotguns to ke out triggered were as strategic

ANTC A

POP!



ideologically heroic) to tear down the fences and liberate the music.

Both sides were off the mark. The people were naive, the promoters functioning out of ignorance, greed and/or fear. Had the Cosmic Conspiracy not intervened, I don't know what would have happened, I don't know how the battle of the gate would have turned out. But massively and dramatically at three crucial moments, the cosmos took on a vanguard role.

First the heat. It was so goddam hot that it was difficult to get beyond one's personal survival, let alone get juiced up about storming the gate or guarding it. Because it was hot, and because of our imprisonment in a consciousness of affluence and greed, we were unaware that we were selfishly wasting a precious resource—water.

Water. Water poured over people from 5 gallon cans "just to cool off." Water running from barrels onto the ground as people washed their hands and faces under the spigot. Water turning to mud as folks drank directly from the hose, diverting the water from those barrels. Water flowing 9 o'clock Friday night at a measured rate of a gallon and a half per minute—the sole source for 15,000 in our campground.

But by then it had rained, so that the people who had crowded like cattle to the showers now fled to their tents to escape the biggest, most democratically distributed, free shower available—most but not all. Some had learned. So that the surge to the gate—reversed. So that the land (not to speak of the people) cooled. So that the lines at the water barrels disappeared; the precious resource could be conserved, could gain on the thirst of a refreshed people. And the music—stopped.

Into which stepped the promoters. Using the rain as what could only be called a transparently lame excuse, Friday night's music (only) was declared "free." Having thus lured us back with B. B. King, however, the promoters laid on their larger audience basically the same riff as the night before: we need bread. Basically the same—they wanted everybody to pay—but still different: \$1 a day they said would see them through.

It never happened. Saturday we finally made it inside the fence. There was time to take showers, now about half incomplete, but hot naked freaks were standing

quietly in line, holding each other's clothes—again we were learning.

There was a hole in the inside fence, which previously herded people to the rear of the concert site. Standing there was a dude with a money pail; outside had been people's propagandist with a bullhorn. Period. Economic coercion and accompanying threat of violence had vanished. Even the bikers seemed relieved.

Inside the people were very together, especially considering the fact that by now the outside world knew the concert was free and there would be a lot of straight people coming in to dig our music. The rain came again, this time to loosen the crowd up and to drive the straights for shelter.

We stuck it out until the rain had served its purpose. Night had fallen but the firewicks people launched a red sun that hung in the sky, growing brighter for maybe 30 seconds before it set. WE DID A THING!

And we learned that music is just as important to us, no more, no less, as our occasion for no one making a profit, hoarding thus the scant resources of Woodstock Nation. But we learned that while nothing is without its price, selling us our music was precisely and exactly the same as selling us our water would have been.

The promoters evidenced that kind of growth on Saturday when the stage announced that all dope dealers were being asked to give 10% of their bread—and concessions 25%. Now DIG. That procedure is *national*, we the people of Woodstock Nation levy the following taxes.

Enforcement? That, of course, did not happen—this time—but it could have, and next time it might. Suppose, for instance, four hours after these announcements, the mike had resounded:

Okay, now, we've had four righteous dealers pay their dues, so here's what we're gonna do. If those four guys, and we remember who you are, will come up here now, we'll give you a stamped receipt. Any other dealer who comes across will also get a receipt. And people, ask your dealer to show you his receipt when you buy your next hit.

As for the concessions, well, they seem to have gotten the message, so let's try this. We know you're thirsty, so we're not going to ask you not to buy drinks. We are, however, going to suggest that you Don't Buy Coke—until Coke

comes across. If and when Coke pays up, we'll ask you then to patronize only them, until Pepsi gets religion. You dig?

And we would dig, even though that did not happen this time—this time.

So now we know where we are. Our own blood, for music is the blood of Woodstock Nation—it flows through all of us—as crucial to our survival as dope, which gets us high, inspires us, strengthens us, communizes us; and as water.

We came to Byron believing that music should be free, that it should be the nation conceived in concert and dedicated to the proposition that we are One. Our music is not for sale; no amount of money can "buy it." For we are our music, as much as it is us. And our music, it turns out, is *not* free; it costs us our lives.

As the Jefferson Airplane sings, "Our life's too fine to let it die." Nor will it die. But we must understand that in order for our life to live, we must destroy Amerika.

Our room to live, to build our own cities, towns, festivals, industries, must be chipped piece by piece or seized all at once from those pigs who now call their lakes and clubs "private property." Our life, our stoned, rhythmic energy will endure (and grow) only through constant, ceaseless struggles—total war against Amerika. *All your private property is target for your enemy/and your enemy is—We, WE.*

Moreover, our life's too fine to hoard it the way the pigs hoard their wealth, so we shall grow, we are growing. As we drove up freak-lined I-75, the spirit of the festival drifted up the road like lingering marijuana smoke. At first, I noticed; we freaks banded together in the right-hand lane, slowing down traffic so that the sisters and brothers could safely catch and give rides, while the straights took the left lane, eyes us curiously. But the further up the road we went (the longer the straights had to get used to us), the friendlier they became: one lady waved first; another dude passed six hitchhikers—and picked up the seventh.

And the kids of the straights? We lured them from our psychedelic cars with V's answering their own that they subversively flashed from the back seat of the family car on a Sunday drive.

At our exit, I held my hat out the window, waving to a carload of freaks movin' on up the road. Sad that for us the festival ended; but joyous in the bonds that link my family with literally hundreds of thousands of other families from coast to coast—we sleep "free" in Vermont, California, Oregon, Georgia every state in the Union, under the freak flag of Woodstock Nation. STP.

Diana Oughton is dead. Her dismembered body was found in the wreckage of a Greenwich Village townhouse which blew up on March 6, when some dynamite stored in the basement was accidentally detonated. Diana was a great revolutionary, sisters, and most of you had never even heard her name until after she was dead. I was lucky; I knew her for four years, and during that time witnessed her development as a revolutionary. And that has changed my own life—irrevocably. I want you all to know about her, because all of you can learn from her, learn the things that we, as revolutionary women, must learn if we are to shake off the effects of our years of oppression and become fully realized human beings—true revolutionaries.

The theme of Diana's life was her development as a revolutionary, but that development took place within the context of her struggle, as a woman, to understand her own oppression, and to work toward ending that oppression. At an earlier stage in her development, she saw these as two separate goals, one political, and the other personal. But toward the end of her life she came to understand that the two goals were really one: that only a truly "liberated" woman can be an effective revolutionary, and that only through revolution and revolutionary struggle can a woman become freed from her oppression.

Diana was brought up as a member of the upper middle class in Dwight, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, and she attended the Madeira School, an exclusive private school for girls in Virginia. She hated it. The school was dominated by the girls with the most money, the most boyfriends, the prettiest faces, the smartest clothes. She felt that she had none of these to any great extent—although in fact she did—and the loneliness that she felt there was in part responsible for the direction her life was to take.

After Madeira, she went to Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania—another girl's school—where she earned a B.A. in 1963. This time, being in an all-female situation was probably beneficial in some ways, since Bryn Mawr places heavy emphasis on developing women as creative thinkers. A degree of radical thought is actually encouraged. By the time she graduated, she had already rejected the traditional woman's role for which her upbringing had prepared her, and at the same time she had become acutely conscious of the miserable plight of many of the world's people. But she still believed in the pacifist, paternalistic approach to helping those people—integrate Third World cultures into the modern, technologically-oriented culture of the white western world and all will be peace, prosperity, and plenty. So she volunteered for the Visa program of the American Friends Service Committee, and was sent to Guatemala for two years, where she lived in the Indian market town of Chichicastenango and worked on community development. She also trained teachers for a literacy program—literacy in Spanish, the language of the Conquistadores.

While she was working there, she began to understand the paternalism of the Peace Corps/Visa philosophy and to see that such programs did not address themselves to the true causes of oppression, but only served to perpetuate them. When she returned to the U.S. in 1965, she saw that a great deal of change was needed within her own country, and that her place was here, working to bring about those changes.

Because of her deep interest in children, she decided to attack the problem from an educational viewpoint, basing her ideas on the Summerhill philosophy of A.S. Neill. She enrolled in the University of Michigan School of Education in order to earn a Teaching Certificate, and shortly afterwards she joined the staff of the Children's Community School, a completely integrated "experimental" school in

the Summerhill tradition. The school was intended to serve as a working model upon which to base the struggle for real reform in the educational system of this country. But as time went on, Diana and the other people involved in the project began to understand how deeply the educational system was linked to the whole uptight, bourgeois culture that she herself was trying to escape, and more important, she saw that both were the inevitable products of the American system of Capitalism and Imperialism. She realized that again she had been attacking a specific symptom, while the disease itself, the Capitalist/Imperialist System, raged on unchecked. She still had many changes to go through in order to reach a full understanding of how to achieve the goal she sought, and some of those changes were still incomplete at the time of her death. But the goal itself was finally clear—the total destruction of the forces of capitalism and imperialism, and the creation of a world-wide, socialist system.

During this time in her life, and for some time yet to come, Diana was not fully conscious of her oppression as a woman, and she was something of a male chauvinist herself. She saw that women were second-class citizens, and that in many ways they fitted their roles only too well. But instead of understanding the true causes of this tragic situation, she tried to divorce herself from the rest of her sex and to relate mainly to men. At that stage of the revolutionary movement in this country, there was little else that she could have done. Few women were involved in the revolutionary struggle on any but the lowest levels, and it was only from men that she could gain the political understanding that was necessary for her own development. This is one of the bitter lessons that we all must learn, sisters—that it is not enough to proclaim ourselves equal with men, but that we must also have the humility to see that because of our upbringing, because of the way society has channelled us into feminine roles and feminine skills, there are many ways in which we are not the equals of men, and that there are many areas of knowledge, many practical skills, which we must learn from them.

So at that time, Diana was being very much influenced by the men she knew, and a good deal of her own revolutionary development was stimulated and accelerated by their growth as revolutionaries.

By the fall of 1968, Diana, Bill Ayers, and a couple of other people from the Community School had started to get involved in the Ann Arbor chapter of SDS, which was then dominated by the IS faction, who defined their role as revolutionaries in terms of organizing students around specific grievances of the student community, such as the need for a university bookstore. A number of people were dissatisfied with that approach, and they banded together to seize control of the chapter, calling themselves the "Jesse James Gang." The new SDS chapter thus formed, having won recognition from the National Office, then proceeded to move away from close involvement in campus issues and toward a greater involvement in national and international affairs, although they were still trying to relate these issues to the university through attacks on war research at the University, on-campus recruiting by military and war-related industries, and similar targets. Essentially, the emphasis was still on organizing college students as the most effective means of creating a revolutionary situation in this country

It was at about this time that Women's Liberation began to be an important issue, and Diana was one of the women selected by the male leadership of SDS for buildup as a fe-

male leader. None of us understood much about male chauvinism then, and it seemed really fine that women were at last being given leadership roles. What we didn't realize was that leadership is not given from above—it is seized from below. It was still a step in the right direction, though because part of the leadership build-up was giving women increased responsibilities, which is an essential part of the growth of a human being. So, for partly mistaken reasons, Diana became a regional organizer for SDS, a job which brought her into contact with SDS chapters all over Lower Michigan. Being a regional organizer also involved her, though on a fairly low level, with the National Office of SDS, and both of these types of contact increased her sense of the breadth of the struggle; she ceased to be an Ann Arbor SDSer and began to function as part of a nationwide organization which was rapidly moving toward a fully revolutionary stance.

The RYM II/Weatherman/PL split in the summer of 1969 is history, and needs no specific documentation here. Once again, Diana was one of those most aware of the need to heighten the level of struggle, and she became a convinced Weatherwoman.

A lot of criticism has been made of the Weatherman philosophy by other segments of the movement, some of which is justified. But a lot of that criticism stems from a failure to understand that the name Weatherman simply marked a stage in the development of a group of committed revolutionaries, and that even during the short period of its existence as an organization, the "Weathermachine" experienced an extraordinary amount of change, nearly always for the better.

Diana was deeply involved in putting Weatherman ideas to work in practical terms, and the few times I saw her it was clear that she herself was changing, growing stronger, becoming more and more deeply committed to the Revolution. For the first time, much of this change came through her involvement with other women in the movement. One of the criticisms most often levelled at the Weatherman has been that they haven't been willing to deal with issues that relate directly to women and to women's oppression in capitalist society, and yet the most nearly liberated, the most truly revolutionary women I've ever met have all been Weatherwomen. This is because the Weatherwomen understood that their goal as revolutionaries and their goal as oppressed people were one and the same: to seize state power and to use it to create a socialist system based on true human equality. Thus they saw the necessity to build themselves, and to grow strong, not in terms of their own personal needs, but rather in terms of the needs of the revolution for strong, dedicated revolutionaries, regardless of sex. Diana, as a Weatherwoman, was constantly engaged in revolutionary self-criticism, always with the idea of building herself as a revolutionary. She was also struggling with her fellow revolutionaries—both men and women, but especially women—to build them as well. She was developing a strong sense of her own identity as a woman, and she was also developing a real solidarity with her revolutionary sisters. She was finally emerging as a strong woman with true leadership abilities, without having lost the qualities that had made us love her right from the beginning—her gentleness, her sensitivity to others, her quiet seriousness, which always contained a spark of humor ready to catch fire from the moods and thoughts of others.

She died too soon. We need her still to show us the path we all must follow, for she was one of those women, still rare in these times, who are constantly growing, constantly becoming more truly themselves, and thus more nearly what we all would like to become.

I know that there are many lessons to be learned from her life, and many from her death. The lesson of her life is: Struggle to be strong, because strength leads to victory. Always be ready to recognize when you are on the wrong path, so that you can move instead to the right one. Keep growing.

The lessons of her death are harder to see, and bitterer to learn. I have some thoughts about it, although at this point they are hardly more than feelings because the news came so recently.

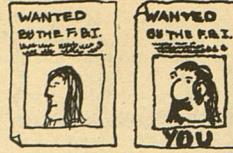
The revolutionary struggle must be viewed historically as being composed of a number of stages, each one leading naturally and organically to the next, and each one of which is a necessary part of the whole process that will eventually bring about a revolution. Diana's life as a revolutionary began at a stage when women's oppression was not understood at all, and much of it was spent struggling to gain that understanding. Because she happened to be alive as a revolutionary during those stages, she was forced to do much of her developing in a male-dominated context, a context designed for men, by men. At the time of her death, she was still involved in carrying out policy decisions which related more to men than to women. This policy—which is to attack the military and industrial forces of imperialism within the mothercountry in order to give material aid to the national liberation struggles of the Third World—still seems completely correct to me as a revolutionary policy. But it is a policy which women raised in our society—trained to be helpless, trained to be ignorant of the technology of war—must find harder to carry out with the high level of technical competence necessary to accomplish the goal, always the same goal: Revolution.

Sisters, we must learn to know ourselves, not only for strengths, but also for our weaknesses, so that we can grow stronger still. Militarily, this means not that we mustn't take up arms, but that we must acknowledge our ignorance and demand thorough training in all aspects of military technology. Strategically, it means that we must begin to take leadership—not just secondary leadership, in planning and carrying out specific actions, but also primary leadership in guiding the course of the revolutionary struggle along the path to victory. Men alone cannot achieve the goal—Revolution.

You see, I'm still learning the lesson of Diana's life, the lesson she was always teaching me. I'm still growing.



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WE ARE

ALL OUTLAWS



LOS SIETE News Service—The trial of Los Siete de la Raza is four weeks old. These are six brothers (the seventh hasn't been caught) charged with murdering police officer Joseph Brodnik on 1 May, 1969, in the Mission District, the latin Barrio in San Francisco. Brodnik and his partner Paul McGoran were harassing the brothers, calling them names and beating them up when McGoran's big .41 Magnum went off, killing Brodnik from a distance of six inches.

The six brothers, Tony Martinez, Mario Martinez, Gary Lescallet, Nelson Rodriguez, BeBe Melendez and Jose Rios, were all activists in the latin community. Mario, Tony, and Nelson were going to the College of San Mateo and were trying to recruit other brothers and sisters into college. Tony and Nelson weren't even near Alvarado Street—the scene of the shooting—on 1 May. They were framed with the rest of the brothers, on no evidence but McGoran's testimony, and have been kept in jail for more than a year without even the most basic human rights.

The prosecution is really hot to convict the brothers; they are asking for the death penalty in the case. They are also charging them with assault with intent to murder, McGoran and with burglary. McGoran, the third prosecution witness to testify so far, testified that he and Brodnik stopped the brothers because they saw one of them carrying a stereo from a car into a house. McGoran testified that they were not suspicious because the brothers were all latinos, but he did admit in a hearing a few months



VIVA LA RAZA!

ago that he would be suspicious of anyone "brown, black, or Chinese". He testified that the brothers cursed at him (but denied that he said anything insulting) and that Gary Lescallet punched him, that he was then knocked down and heard a shot—the shot that killed Brodnik.

Charles Garry is heading the team of lawyers defending Los Siete. The defense says that McGoran is a "racist, a liar, and a drunk", that he was drunk on 1 May and trigger-happy, started threatening the brothers, picked a fight with Gary, and shot his partner by mistake. McGoran has a long history of brutality, racism and lying, and the defense is planning to call witnesses who have been unlucky enough to have had experiences with McGoran's brand of "justice" in the past. Already, during cross-examination, Garry has brought out inconsistencies and lies in

McGoran's testimony. Yet Judge Lawrence Mana refuses to let the defense question McGoran about personality traits or past experiences. In denying this basic right, Mana is forcing them to bring in character witnesses later, which is a violation of law in that it places the burden of proof on the defense instead of the prosecution.

Judge Mana was brought into the case at the last minute after another, less strict judge, had heard 13 months of pre-trial motions. Mana is sustaining prosecution objections and sometimes takes on the role of prosecutor himself.

The jury took 2 weeks to select. Despite its shortage of poor and young people, this jury is attentive and open minded. It consists of 7 women and 5 men, most of them government or bank employees.

Everyday the courtroom and hall are

crowded with supporters of Los Siete. When the courtroom is full, people fill up the other courts where black or brown prisoners are on trial. Los Siete's Defense Committee has made a point of educating people to the fact that all people of color in the jails are political prisoners even if they don't have the same love and support of people on the outside as Los Siete do. The incident of Los Siete is not an isolated one in the brown community or any other third world community in San Francisco. The entire brown movement is on trial with Los Siete. When the jury goes out, at the middle of August, Los Siete is calling for a national demonstration in San Francisco to demand the freedom of the 6 brothers, the 3 black men from Soledad prison framed for the killing of a guard and all other political prisoners in the jails of Amerika.

JERRY RUBIN

Jerry Rubin, who has served two previous prison stints for anti-war activities began a 30 day jail sentence Monday 22 June for organizing the '67 Pentagon demonstration.

On Wednesday, Jerry was shanghaied from the city jail in Alexandria to a federal reformatory three hours away in Petersburg, Virginia.

Like all jails, the Alexandria prison is a shithouse. But in this case the shit hit the fan. On Tuesday night the prisoners had been served a meal of two slices of bread and a slice of cheese. The next day they launched an incredibly successful hunger strike. The pigs, in their paranoia, accused Jerry of instigating the whole thing and came to get him. Fellow prisoners moved to defend Jerry, picking up sticks and other weapons. The pigs were ready with clubs, teargas and guns. Jerry advised his brothers to cool it for their own protection. The prison guards rushed Jerry into the "hole"—solitary confinement.

Five hours of farout resistance! The prisoners set fires, burning all their mattresses and everything else they could find. The fire department was called in twice.

In the middle of the night, Jerry was moved to the federal reformatory in Petersburg—an antisepic place where the food is good and inmates spend a whole day a week visiting with their families out on the grass under colorful sun umbrellas. A middle class jail. The pigs know that Jerry's presence in one of their concentration camps exposes the hideous realities that blacks and poor whites and long hairs have to deal with, so they sent him to a phony model

prison.

With one catch. Jerry was in solitary confinement 24 hours a day. An 8x8 basement cell. He saw no one, but he did manage to smuggle in Rap's book. He came to a part about Petersburg Federal Reformatory. Rap describes the cell he was in, and dig this—it was the same fucking cell! Rap decided to waive the extradition he'd been fighting just to get the hell out of there.

But after a few days, Jerry was again moved, this time for a court appearance in Chicago on city and state charges stemming from the Democratic Convention.

Maybe the judge feared he'd turn into a Julius Hoffman. Or maybe he suspected it was double jeopardy to try Jerry twice for the same crime. Or maybe he just knew Jerry could never be rehabilitated anyway, so what the fuck. Whatever his reason, he agreed to a deal: Jerry pleads guilty and gets only 60 days in jail to run concurrent with the Pentagon sentence. Pretty good deal when you consider that it might have been 10 years. Pretty fucked up deal when you consider that Richard Daley oughta be behind bars.

"I only regret that I have but one life to give to the Mayor of this city," said Jerry, as he left the courtroom to pass the summer at Cook County Jail.

So if you were at the Pentagon or the Democratic Convention, or even if you weren't, you might drop Jerry a line:

Jerry Rubin 7006839
Tier A-1
Cook County Jail
2600 South California
Chicago, Illinois 60608

LINDA EVANS



On April 15th, I had eaten breakfast on the lower East Side with a "friend" who later in the morning was revealed to be an undercover pig. I was walking home, humming spring songs to myself, when twenty or so feds were all around me in the street and they pushed me into a wall. "This is the F.B.I. You're under arrest Linda." I was captured. An hour later Dianne Donghi, fellow Weatherwoman and good friend, was busted by the same undercover pig. I freaked.

I thought all my paranoid nightmares were coming true at once. On the surface it looked like the pigs were totally together and that this was just the beginning of the end—that we were doomed before we really got ourselves together.

But in fact that day proves in a thousand ways that the feds really don't know what's happening. They had no idea where I lived in New York. They had never followed me or Dianne. By their own admission they hadn't positively recognized me even when they moved in for an arrest. No one I had stayed with during the month I was in New York had been approached for information. All their knowledge was based solely on information supplied to them by this one undercover pig.

I learned that they had assigned 100 special agents just to find the 12 Weathercrimials (besides the hundreds of feds who have been so unsuccessfully hunting the rest of us. Still at large: Pat Swinton, H. Rap Brown, Jane Alpert, Pun Plamondon, scores of Black Panthers, etc., etc.). And yet this elaborate, special network for ensnaring freaks-fugitives of various sorts hasn't produced a single prisoner. (Hundreds of us are still free, mocking them by our very existence, gleefully wreaking havoc with the fucked

up way of life they so painfully try to protect.)

Dianne and I were busted by a single clever infiltrator who had survived living in one of our collectives for six months, suffered incredible sexual-social traumas without flinching, even made it through a two-day acid epic-test because people suspected him of being a pig. They got me because of our bad security in the past (while we were an open organization), and because I was careless, trusting other people's evaluations of this motherfucker, rather than following my own head. But I wasn't busted because the feds knew anything about where I was or what I was doing. One single pig, whose cover and usefulness are now blown, is responsible. Our mistake, and bad luck—but not part of any technological miracle machine that means our ultimate defeat.

So now I'm a prisoner of war, one of the first to be captured. But it is not inevitable or probable that they will capture any more of us. It was never inevitable that any of us would be captured—only our carelessness caused it. These pigs are really freaked out by all our disappearances, ridiculously incompetent as super-sleuths, and most important, on the wrong side. If we are cool, even in the smallest ways, all the Special Federal Agents in the world won't get any more of the (growing!) hordes of us who are free. OUR STRENGTH IS EACH OTHER—coming closer and closer together, discovering knowing who we are and what we want, fighting to change or destroy what's wrong and ugly about the world—for our own freedom. We can change and love each other enough to give us the strength to win. And we will.

Love. Peace.
Linda Evans

Ann Arbor Argus/page 13

photo/Detroit Annie



Chiang Ching

pronounced "Chung Ching"

Ann Arbor Argus/page 14

Chiang Ching of People's China is truly one of the most courageous and inspirational people of our time. Leader of the Cultural revolution, heroine of the Red Guards, and Women's Liberationist, she is an anti-revisionist, pro-Mao Marxist.

In only four years she has risen from relative obscurity to become a great leader loved by the Chinese people and an important figure in the offensive for world-wide liberation.

Chiang Ching was born of working class parents in Shantung province and migrated to Shanghai in the 30's where she became an actress. By the time she was nineteen, Chiang had become a revolutionary feminist, a Marxist and a nationalist. In 1933 she joined the Communist Party. After the Long March of 1934-5, in which the communist forces moved from South China to Shensi Province in the Northwest, she joined Mao Tse-Tung and about 7,000 comrades in Yenan, which became the communist capital.

At this time Mao was already married and the all-male Politburo, in its embryonic stage of development, refused to approve Mao's divorce or his marriage to Chiang Ching. The puritanical Politburo considered Chiang Ching a moral and political embarrassment, mainly because she had been an actress, which was about as low as you could get on the social ladder in pre-liberated Chinese society. In fact, later when Chiang had come into political prominence on her own right, she was slighted by many party leaders because of this. At any rate, after much argument (reportedly including a sit-down strike by comrade Mao) their marriage was agreed to, on the condition that Chiang would play no part in party affairs and stay strictly out of sight.

It appeared that this bargain was largely kept, for from the marriage in 1939 until late 1966 Chiang Ching was not in the public eye. However, revolutionary feminism just will not die with a promise (political, matrimonial or otherwise) and she was always active in the Women's Federations. She frequently moved through China encouraging and working with women in village and factory projects.

But in the August of 1966 Chiang appeared at a Red Guard rally under the title of First Deputy Leader of the Cultural Revolution Group. At this rally she introduced Defense Minister Lin Piao as Mao's "closest comrade in arms". In her new public role, Chiang Ching wielded enormous influence in the drive to eliminate foreign, bourgeois and revisionist elements from Chinese society. Her poli-

ary attempt at a parallel government

committee had sprung into being to further the goals of the Cultural Revolution and combat revisionism.

The Red Guards were dominated by women, and were idealistic revolutionaries, extremely loyal to Chiang Ching. "You are an invincible force!" she praised them. "This is because you are a people's army armed with Marxism, Leninism, and Mao Tse-Tung's thought!" She led the attempt to discredit the army and moderate bureaucrats led by Premier Chou En-Lai. However, Chou and Defense Minister Lin Piao had entered into an alliance to

reign in the Red Guard. Many bureaucrats and revisionists were given back their old posts at the same time, pushing many of the "extremists" underground and depriving Chiang Ching of a ready reservoir of support. At the end of 1967 there were reports that Chou En-Lai and Lin Piao had forced Chiang Ching into retirement. But Chiang continued her activism and dedication to the goals of People's Libera-

tion. After two years of political strife and Red Guard activism, the rebuilding of the Communist Party was defined as one of the main tasks for 1968. The duties of the de-activated party machine had been assumed during the cultural revolution by the revolutionary rebel committees instigated by Chiang and operated in eighteen of China's twenty-six provinces.

Chiang Ching led a so-called left-wing faction in Peking with its base of strength Red Guards, women, and other revolutionary youth.

Even Western journalism can't obscure the fact that the people, especially youth, love and admire Chiang Ching. And in spite of her position of power within a pretty well male-dominated political hierarchy, she has never succumbed to the macho-style of the male ego-power trip. Revolutionary feminism is truly life-giving politics.

The National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party met last year for the first time since 1958. The Party Congress is the highest body in the Party's organizational structure. It names the Central Committee which sets policy and selects the Politburo, the leadership group. Party congresses also set the general direction of domestic and foreign policy and shed light on existing power relationships within the party. At the Ninth Party Congress last year the congress, in addition to naming a new central committee, adopted a new constitution



Thus women would be freed to go to meetings and men would learn to take care of children. So the women to be equal not only in theory but in actual

practice.

daughters of Chiang Ching, Hsiao Li and Li Min are following the inspirational example of their mother. Hsiao Li led a Red Guard investigation team at Peking University and is now chief of the editorial committee of the Liberation Army Daily. Li Min is a member of the Science and Technological Commission and also has been active with the Red Guard.

All Chinese women are deeply concerned with politics. They follow the example of Chiang Ching and learn from her militant proletarian spirit.

In the early 1950's, Chiang Ching had begun efforts to get Opera companies to portray revolutionary communistic themes. Peking Opera is an art form that for many centuries depended on traditional themes and highly stylized singing, dancing and acrobatics. Chiang fought the Peking Opera to portray proletarian heroes of both sexes rather than the traditional emperors and kings, generals and ministers, scholars and beauties. She has led the masses of revolutionary artists and writers into the artistic struggle.

She sought to introduce contemporary themes with proletarian heroes to replace the court figures and male-dominance of the past. As Jemin Jih Pao, the official Peking newspaper, put it recently: "The standard-bearing revolutionary theater productions nurtured by Comrade Chiang Ching, with their brilliant flames, illuminate the whole stage of literature and arts and have driven the emperors, generals, ministers, lords, ladies and all monsters down from the stage. They have created the brilliant characters of workers, peasants and soldiers, who are the real heroes of history". The people have made history, theater is for the people!

"The Red Detachment of Women" is an example of Chiang Ching's far out

women's literature.

upon the hateful man. Unable to control herself, she shoots him, thus prematurely giving her comrade the signal to attack. Although victorious in the skirmish which follows, the detachment fails to capture the landlord; only wounded, he makes his escape.

Battles follow, the women and men of the people's army against Kuomintang bandits, and the people's forces are continually victorious. The People's army soon liberates all the oppressed peasants. The heroine personally kills the landlord and then becomes party representative with the women's detachment.

There are some far out sequences, such as a ballet for nineteen women with rifles...

This is the stage translation of what Mao Tse-Tung meant when he said: "What we demand is the unity of politics and art, the unity of content and form, the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form".

Today Chiang Ching is not the public personality that she was at the height of the Cultural Revolution, but she is still making her influence felt and whenever her influence is felt a strong militant spirit prevails. Ever since the Ninth Congress of the Chinese Communist Party met last year, old line conservatives have been tightening their grip, resisting attempts by leftists to win positions in the new structure of power. However there are signs that leftist forces are struggling to make a comeback and Chiang Ching is reemerging in the political fray after being several months out of the public eye. There are reports that Women's Federations are becoming increasingly militant and that women all over China are gaining control of Party Committees. We know that a revolution doesn't always mean true liberation for

China. Chiang Ching is truly one of the most courageous and inspirational people of our time. Leader of the Cultural revolution, heroine of the Red Guards, and Women's Liberationist, she is an anti-revisionist, pro-Mao Marxist.

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tics have been described as "ultra-leftist, which designated Defense Minister Lin

ties have been described as "ultra-leftist, pro-Mao". She led the Red Guards and the Cultural Revolution Group, which had become an important organ of power in the cultural revolution's drive to eradicate the bourgeois concept of "self" and of private interest, to lay the ground work for selfless devotion to people's revolution. In early 1967 it was reported that Chiang Ching was directing the revolution-

which designated Defense Minister Lin Pao as Mao's eventual successor. Chiang Ching was one of two women appointed to the Central Committee of twelve members and was ranked sixth on the podium, which is a more accurate indication of the power line-up.

Before the Cultural Revolution was launched in 1966, women wielded little outward political influence on the Chinese Communist political hierarchy. However,

women. But we also know the power of revolutionary sisterhood. Sisters in China, sisters in Vietnam, Cuba, America, Jordan, Africa, and all over the world are on the rise. We will learn from comrade Chiang Ching's spirit of struggle. FREE OURSELVES

LONG LIVE COMRADE CHIANG CHING ALL POWER TO ALL PEOPLE!

practice. Young college-educated women actively struggle to make education serve proletarian politics and integrate education with productive labor so that those who get an education develop morally, intellectually and physically and become socialist-minded, cultured laborers. Each year thousands travel from China's great cities to the country to start new lives in frontier villages and communes. The two

ence of their own.

Not only the lives of the political elite have been reshaped, but women and men on all levels are struggling with the new demands women's liberation has forced on working relationships. During the Cultural Revolution peasant women, who formerly had little voice in meetings, demanded that the duties of child care be shared by all—men as well as women.

peoples' theater. In this opera the daughter of a poor peasant in pre-liberation days is enslaved and viciously beaten by a landlord and his flunkies. The girl finally escapes and makes her way to the camp of a women's fighting force. She is taught the rationale of revolution and joins the detachment.

Later, sent on a scouting mission into the landlord's headquarters, she comes



BIRD FLIES COOP



NEW YORK (LNS) — On International Women's Day in March when 500 women surrounded the House of Detention chanting "Free Joan Bird!" it was largely a symbolic act. The women inside the House of D shouted back at us "Raise our bail!" as we were driven from the scene by police.

At 5:30 in the afternoon, Monday, July 7th, Joan Bird—gray-faced and very thin, but smiling—walked down the steps of the Women's House of Detention, where she had been incarcerated for over a year on \$100,000 ransom.

Two hundred women were waiting in front of the jail when Joan, surrounded by reporters, vowed to "fight to free all political prisoners in fascist America." Inside the red brick monolith, junkies, prostitutes, and other political prisoners were yelling and chanting to the women outside. Word spread fast in the House of D, and everyone knew Joan Bird was getting out.

Joan Bird is 20 years old. She has been in and out of jail since January 17, 1969. "In January of 1969, I was in a car and two pigs stopped and asked us what was the trouble. I said 'engine trouble.' A few minutes later the pigs started shooting. After ten minutes, a pig named McKenzie (black by the way) says 'cover me, I think there is a broad in this car.'

"He came up to the car where I was and told me to 'crawl out, bitch.' I proceeded to do this and I was dragged out and finally I was placed on the ground, beaten with a blackjack by McKenzie, kicked, stomped, beaten in the head, given a busted lip and a busted eye. I was turned over and handcuffed and placed in the car. I went through torture, both mental and physical for the next eighteen hours."

The pigs claim that they were victims

her!" Joan Bird stood in the foyer of the Women's House of Detention. The press rushed forward, keeping her from stepping out into the world. The 200 waiting women shouted. "Let her out of the jail!" A circle of Panthers surrounded and greeted Joan, who then crossed the street so she could be seen by the women inside the House. Joan chanted with everyone else for several minutes. Inside, and out, women shouted, very much as we had on International Women's Day.

Joan got into a waiting car with her parents, Father Lucas, and Afeni. As the car drove off, Afeni leaned out of the window, raised a fist to the dispersing crowd, and yelled "POWER!" to her sisters watching from the windows of the House of D.

Joan's trial is expected to begin in August.

of a "sniper attack against police." No one accused her of doing any shooting. Joan was released Feb. 4, 1969 on \$5,000 bail, rearrested a few days later with other Panthers on a phone hold-up charge, re-released on another \$5,000 bail, and then arrested once more with 20 other Panthers on April 2.

The 21 are charged with conspiring to blow up New York department stores, police stations, and the Bronx Botanical Gardens. The only other woman charged, Afeni Shakur was released from the Women's House of Detention earlier this year, also on \$100,000 bail.

"\$1 from 100,000 Women" was the slogan of the Committee to Free Joan Bird, part of a city-wide Women's Union. For several months the women worked to raise Joan's bail, with benefits, mailings, leaflets, and street actions.

Monday was just another dull day in the County Clerk's office—then a dozen people came to pay the money to release Joan Bird. There were Joan's two lawyers (Sandy Katz and Mike Standard), Father Lucas, black Chairman of the National Panther Defense Committee, a woman from the Committee to Free Joan Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Bird, two of the Panther 21 already out on bail—Afeni and Jamal—and several members of the Panther Defense Committee.

Because of the uncertain state of the market, \$40,000 was all it took to purchase \$100,000 worth of State bonds. While the two lawyers and Father Lucas were transacting business behind a closed door, Afeni Shakur was softly singing revolutionary songs from Elaine Brown's album "Seize the Time." The secretaries in the office gazed with some curiosity as the motley group who had come to free a Black Panther. After a half hour, Mike Standard emerged from the clerk's office shouting, "Let's go get



RAT

I enclose \$6.00 for a
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241 E 14 NY 10003

name _____
address _____

free the
n.y. panther



SEND ten bucks to the COMMITTEE to DEFEND the N.Y. 21, 16 NYC 10003, tel (212) 242-2260, 6-51, and receive: ONE COPY OF Huey Newton poster, Eldridge Cleaver on the ideology of the Black Panther Party, copies of What do the Panthers Stand for, copies of Michael Tabor's statement on heroin, recent copies of the Black Panther newspaper, progress report on the New York Panther 21 case, Jean Genet on the Black Panther Party, posters drawn by Dharma of the NY 21, and assorted buttons.

MONEY IS NEEDED GREATLY FOR BAIL

Recent events have shown that if you attack the Draft head-on, you will very likely have your head broken in. There are more subtle ways of fighting, however, and these ways can be even more effective than a direct attack. This article explains one of these other ways.

By REV. A. PEEL

If you're a typical, red-blooded American male age 18 to 25, you are probably very anxious to avoid doing your patriotic duty of burning women and children in Vietnam. You have probably considered the three obvious alternatives: 1. Do nothing and hope that somehow it will all work out. Unfortunately, it almost never does, and you will sooner or later be facing imprisonment of induction. 2. Run to Canada. This works, but it means that you will never be able to come back. 3. Go underground. This also works, but the effects of constant running and hiding on one's nerves is shattering and you will very likely slip up at some point and be caught.

There is a fourth alternative which you probably have not considered but which has tremendous possibilities and is becoming increasingly popular. This is to use the procedures and regulations of the Selective Service System to delay, harass and generally screw up that system. If enough people do this, aside from saving their own lives and freedom, they will contribute to the collapse of the involuntary servitude which America imposes on its young men and thereby save the lives and freedom of others. In fact, even if you are not currently threatened with the draft (say, because you have a student deferment), you ought to carry out the procedures outlined below. You have absolutely nothing to lose and you can help smother the Selective Service bureaucracy in its own red tape.

I was a gangster for Wall Street: I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interest in 1914; I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenue in; I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Bros. in 1909-12; I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916; and I helped make Honduras "right" for American fruit companies in 1903.

—Smedley Butler
Commanding General, U.S. Marine Corps

The procedures are based upon three important facts about the Selective Service organization:

1. Every time you are classified (or re-classified) by your local board, you have the right to a personal appearance before your local board (presumably to urge them to change their minds) and the right to appeal to a state board. You have these rights even if the new classification card has the same classification as your old one, and you have them every time the board changes your classification (as it does when a deferment runs out, for instance).

2. Selective Service laws and procedures guarantee certain delays. For example; after you receive a notice of classification, you have 30 days from the date of mailing (during which time the local board can do nothing) in which to ask for a personal appearance. After you ask for a personal appearance the board must reach a decision and send you a new notice of classification. After they mail out this notice, you have 30 days in which to appeal to your state appeals board. Should you appeal, your local board must send your file to the state board which must meet, consider your case and send your file back to the local board with a decision. During all this, of course, you cannot be drafted.

3. Various court cases have held that a draft board *must* reopen a case and reclassify a person whenever important new evidence is introduced. (N.B., you are "reclassified" even if the board gives you the same classification you already had). Therefore, by the time your file gets back to your local draft board from the appeals board you will, if you are smart, have some important new evidence waiting to be considered. They *must* reclassify you and once you are reclassified, you again have the right to request a personal appearance and an appeal. A complete cycle takes at least 3 months and more likely 6 months to a year, during which time you cannot be drafted. By playing your cards right and repeating the cycle when necessary, you can easily delay until: a) the current draft law expires (July, 1971—if enough people do this, the present system will simply be too costly and will be replaced), b) your circumstances change and you are no longer eligible or c) the Vietnam war is over.

The complete course of action is as follows

1. The first thing you should do is become an ordained minister of the Church and Seminary of the Divinity of Man. (Their address is P.O. Box 520, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48107). They will ordain you if you agree with their commitment to freedom, life, equality and brotherhood, and send in a \$5.00 donation to cover their expenses. They have no

Praise the Lord and Shaft

Where is it written in the Constitution, in what article or section is it contained, that you may take children from their parents, and parents from their children, and compel them to fight the battles of any war, in which the folly or wickedness of Government may engage it?

Daniel Webster, 1814

other requirements for ordination. There are many other churches that have sprung up recently offering to ordain contributors, but an ordination from these groups is of little use in terms of getting a deferment or fighting the draft. (Many of these other "churches" don't even bother keeping a record of their "ministers" and simply mail out blank ordination certificates). This church, on the other hand, is willing to provide certain services that you must have for your strategy to work, such as writing your draft board on your behalf (see nos. 2 and 7 below), which the others will not do.

2. The certificate of ordination which the Church will send you is beautifully printed and *entirely legal* (remember, "Congress shall make no law...).

Many boards apparently don't know about these cases and this is the reason for reminding them. Also, since most draft board members are not lawyers, quoting the law tends to shake them up a bit. If you have any trouble with them not reconsidering your case, see a draft lawyer; you would probably have a good court case if nothing else and this would grant you a long delay.

4. There are three possible outcomes to your actions. One possibility is that they may grant you a IV-D (ministerial) deferment. Don't count on it, but it can happen, in which case your problems are over. A second possibility, and rather more likely, is that they will forget about you for a few months. We must remember that board members are generally chosen for their dedication and not for their intelligence. The result is that they are usually highly dedicated jackasses. They are capable of handling routine work, but anything out of the ordinary scares them. Rather than make a wrong decision, they will postpone action. The third possibility is that they will deny you a IV-D and proceed to reclassify you I-A or I-Y or II-S or whatever you were before.

5. You have exactly 30 days from the date they mail you a new classification (the date is stamped on the card) in which to act. On about the 29th day (assuming you're trying to buy as much time as possible) send a registered, return receipt requested letter to your board addressing them thusly:

I would like to request a personal appearance before my draft board and I would like to see a government appeals agent before my personal appearance is scheduled.

As you know, I applied for a IV-D deferment. Since you rejected the deferment to which I feel I am entitled I will need to know on what grounds so that I can best prepare for my personal appearance. Therefore, would you please send me, before you schedule my appearance, a statement of your reasons for not granting my request. Also, I will need to know what standards you use for granting the IV-D deferment and I would like to have copies of Selective Service rules relevant to this classification. Without this information, it would, of course, be extremely difficult for me to present my case fairly.

If you consulted with anyone about me before deciding to reject my IV-D deferment I request that such person or persons be present at the personal

The Lord helps those that help themselves.

—Christian myth

appearance so that I may cross examine them. If you have obtained records about me from any other source, I would like to see them.

After the appearance, should your decision be adverse, I may want to appeal. To do so I will need a means of transcribing what takes place at the appearance. I therefore would like either to bring in a tape recorder or to have a stenographer present.

Should you again reject my deferment, I will need a written statement from you explaining the reasons for the rejection.

Any draft board that receives a letter like this will likely go into a collective faint lasting several months. During this faint you cannot, of course, be drafted. There are several points which you should be aware of.

a) You need not use this exact language not make all the requests in the sample letter. You may, for example, decide to forgo the pleasure of the meeting with the government appeals agent, especially if you live at some distance from your "local" board. These agents can sometimes be helpful in answering procedural questions but otherwise are generally useless and they most definitely cannot be trusted. The main reason for asking to see them is that it may buy you some time and further overloads the system.

the Draft

b) Remember to ask only for a personal appearance—DO NOT ASK FOR AN APPEAL at this point. The two are quite different and you are entitled to have both. You can appeal later, it will buy you much more time.

c) While a personal appearance cannot be transferred, it can sometimes be postponed. If you have a good excuse they will usually give you a postponement—thus further delaying things. They might not, however, so be prepared to come when they want you.

d) Plan what you will say at your personal appearance. You may, of course, simply use the personal appearance as a forum to express your views against the draft, against the war and against the draft board. This is certainly a viable strategy but obviously, if you choose it, you'd better not expect the board to look too sympathetically on your claims for deferment. Alternately, you may try to impress the board with your sincerity. The usual standard for getting a ministerial deferment is that you must spend a minimum of 100 hours a month in your religious work. Since the Church of the Divinity of Man is rather lenient in its definition of religion, this shouldn't be too hard for a person with any creativity. Make up whatever rituals seem meaningful to you—a few words of thanks before and after a meal can turn the entire meal into a "religious" experience—a bull session over a few beers can be considered counseling. Keep written records of your religious work including such things as time, places, audience or congregation, etc. If you show these records to your board, they may decide to give you a deferment just because you seem to meet the legal requirement so that deferment (as the courts have defined them) rather than risk getting involved in the confusing question of what constitutes a religion. At the very least, you can make them somewhat wary and confused, and confused people usually don't act very quickly. Don't expect them to be very receptive, however, and there is a good chance that they will be openly hostile.

6. After your personal appearance you will have to wait for the board's official decision. This may take some time but you are in no hurry. If they reject your classification, you have 30 days from the date of mailing stamped on your new notice of classification in which to mail in your request for an appeal. (Your letter must be postmarked, not received, by the 30th day.) Your letter need not be elaborate, you can simply say "I appeal" and give your name and your SS number or you may try to complicate things further, and buy more time, by requesting to see the government appeals agent

various forms. You may, for example, file a conscientious objector application now. It may be best, however, to save the CO application for later use and instead to enroll in the seminary branch of the Church and Seminary of the Divinity of Man. (To understand how this works, you must realize that a IV-D deferment is given to a. ordained ministers or b. students enrolled in religious seminaries. Thus enrolling in a seminary gives you an entirely new basis for this deferment). For a \$10 contribution the Church will enroll you, send you a packet of lessons and suggested reading lists and send a letter to your draft board informing them in the necessary language of your enrollment.

8. When you receive a classification card from the appeal board, note the vote stamped on the card. Almost certainly it will be unanimous. If it is not, however, if the board is split, then you have the right to a Presidential appeal. You must request such an appeal within 30 days of the date of mailing and you cannot be drafted until the Presidential Board makes a decision. If the state board is unanimous, now is the time to request that your local draft board reopen your case because of the new information that has been submitted. As explained in note 3, you must specify that you want a "reopening" and it would be well to remind the board of the court decisions which have held that they must reopen cases when important new information is submitted.

9. Once the local board reopens your case, they must mail you a new notice of classification. (By now you will have quite a collection). After this you have the right to start the same process all over again, i.e., request a personal appearance, ask to see an appeals agent, and appeal your case to the state appeals board.

GENERAL RULES

1. This procedure takes a certain amount of time and effort; letters must be written, deadlines must be scrupulously observed, interviews must be prepared for and traveled to, etc. The amount of work is not great, but IT MUST BE DONE if the plan is to succeed. Of all of the rules, this is the most important. If you are too lazy to put in this minimal amount of effort, you may as well enlist, because passively sitting back and "waiting for something to turn up" almost always leads to induction or imprisonment.

2. The more people that engage in the course of action described above, the more overloaded the system will become and the greater the likelihood of its early replacement. Even if you are now II-S or I-Y you can still request a ministerial deferment and your draft board *must* consider your case. You have nothing to lose, since they must give back your II-S or I-Y at the end of the lengthy process of appeal anyway, and in the meantime, the extra work you have caused them may force

The army must become one with the people so that they see it as their own army. Such an army will be invincible.

—Chairman Mao

before your file is sent to the state board. (You cannot go, by the way, only your file goes). Unlike a personal appearance, an appeal can be transferred. If you are living in a different state from your "local" board, you may request that your appeal be transferred to the appeal board nearest you. This request must be made in the same letter in which you request the appeal. In terms of the eventual outcome, the transfer will probably make little difference, but it will waste time and increase the chances for loss and mixups.

7. It will take the appeal board a while to consider your case, probably at least 2 to 3 months—they seem to be overloaded with appeals nowadays, and as more people appeal the delay will get even longer—but you cannot be drafted during this time. However, since the local board is free to mail you an induction notice as soon as the appeal board rejects your appeal (assuming that you have already passed a pre-induction physical) it pays to introduce some new evidence say about a month after your letter of appeal. The new evidence could take

them to delay inducting someone else.

3. Observe all deadlines. Take full advantage of the time the law gives you (unless you are just doing this to screw the system in which case you may as well speed things up) but make sure your letters are postmarked within the 30 day limit from the date of mailing of your last classification card.

4. Send everything to the draft board registered mail, return receipt requested and keep copies of everything you send. When the receipt comes back, paste it to the copy of the letter you have sent. Save everything—what you send them and what they send you. Should you ever need to go to court, this material will be of vital importance.

5. Buy a copy of a good draft book and read the relevant parts. The best, and most well known, is Tatum and Tuchinsky's *Guide to the Draft*, Beacon Press, Boston. It is not possible to detail all the intricacies of the draft system within a short article, and this book will help fill in some of the gaps.

6. Make sure your draft board has an address where they can reach you, otherwise deadlines may pass while letters are being forwarded.

By MAO C. TONGUE

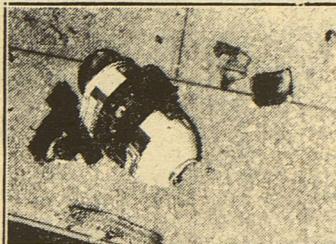
A remarkably low energy bomb exploded outside the door of the Haitian Consulate General in New York on July 8, "slightly injuring three persons." Without discussing the validity of the action, I will call attention to the device employed.

The picture below, from the New York Daily News, was captioned "Piece of bomb lies in the hall of 13th floor consulate office." Closer examination of the object in the photo reveals that it is in fact half of a device.

It appears to be half of a can of aerosol shaving foam. A policeman remarked that the device contained "smokeless powder"—gunpowder. That the aerosol can in which the powder was contained did not shatter, but merely rent apart at the seam, is evidence of the inefficacy of the bomb. Indeed, the bomb shattered the glass of the door next to which it was placed, but I'll give ten to one it didn't even damage the door-frame.

Straight gunpowder is not a powerful explosive. The destruction of masonry and concrete requires a high explosive like dynamite.

The device employed, a variant of the pipe bomb, is not suited for actually destroying anything. It is more properly an anti-personnel grenade, when it is loaded with shrapnel as well as gunpowder.



Conspiracy 8

THIS IS THE AGE OF DISSENT
Chicago—August 1968

Eight people were bound together on a charge of conspiracy. An infamous trial followed. Eight were branded:

CONSPIRACY 8

The faces of these freedom pioneers from our generation can be yours on a giant 23" x 31 1/2" black and white poster for \$1.50. Heavy weight paper suitable for framing.

No stamps. Send check or money order to . . .

Black Educational Services, Inc.
1410 South Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60605

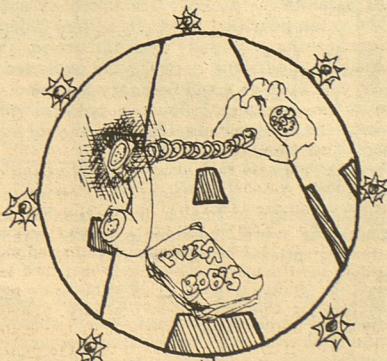
Please Print Information Clearly

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send today . . . supply limited



pizza
665·
4517
bob's
814
south
state

Ann Arbor Argus/page 17

SOME RECOMMENDED TYPES OF AUTOMATIC PISTOLS

Walther P-38: Standard German WWII pistol, caliber 9 mm. Good design; has a double action trigger which allows you to carry the gun with a cartridge in the chamber with the hammer down. It then takes only a pull of the trigger to fire it (Other automatics require you to manually cock the hammer before firing the first shot). Has a 8 shot magazine. Well made, but look out for late war models which deteriorated greatly in quality. Price \$70 to \$125, depending on age and condition. Huey Newton's favorite handgun.

Radom, model P-35. Polish army pistol, very similar to Browning Hi-power. Its main difference is a smaller magazine capacity of 8 shots. Its comparatively low price (\$55 to \$75) and strong Browning type action make this the best buy in an automatic pistol.

Luger (P-09) German WWI pistol. Well made, this is more susceptible to jamming than other types. The fact that it is a collector's item has driven the price up to the point that it is a poor buy for self-defense purposes.

Browning Hi-Power Cal. 9 mm. One of the best pistols made; magazine holds 14 shots and mechanical design is among the strongest, making it safe to fire the hottest handloads. Costs new at \$104. Available used for \$80 to \$100 depending on the condition. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. Even late war models seem to be reliable and well made.

Colt 45, Model 1911. Standard American pistol for almost 60 years. Well made, reliable, parts readily available. Caliber is .45 ACP (Automatic Colt Pistol), 8 shot magazine. The main problem: many people find it very difficult to shoot accurately because of heavy recoil, particularly people with weak wrists. Highly recommended, but not for beginners. You should not buy one if you have not shot pistols before. Price varies from \$75 to \$125 for regular models, and up to \$175 for "National Match" models which have special features for target shooting accuracy. This gun is also made in two other calibers: 9 mm Luger (called the Colt Commander) and .38 Super. These are both recommended also. .38 Super amimo is not as readily available, but this is the most powerful automatic pistol cartridge.

Smith and Wesson Model 39: Cal. 9 mm Luger. This is a highly desirable pistol, containing many good features: the strong Browning type basic design, and the double action trigger of the P-38. Has an 8 shot magazine, plus the best sights on any automatic pistol, fully adjustable for windage and elevation. Although the listed retail price is less than \$110, this pistol is for some reason very scarce, and when you do find one, the asking price is generally over \$150. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED if you have the bread.

SEIZE THE TIME AND SQUEEZE

Large frame revolvers: The large frame revolver has a six shot cylinder, a heavier, larger and stronger frame, and usually a longer barrel. While less concealable, it is also more accurate. This is the type carried by perhaps 95% of the U.S. police forces. .357 Magnum revolvers come only in the "large frame" type, since they have to be more heavily constructed than the .38 Special. Barrel length is usually two to six inches. A four inch barrel is a good choice for all around use, and is the most common. Actually, a large frame .38 or .357 with a short barrel is concealable, although considerably more bulky than the small frame types. The standard rig for FBI agents is a .357 Magnum with a 2½ inch barrel, carried concealed in a shoulder holster. The more expensive revolvers have rear sights that are adjustable for windage and elevation, while cheaper models have fixed, non adjustable sights.

Recommended Revolver Types

Modern revolvers have a "swing out cylinder" that swings outwards when you push a catch on the side of

the gun. This is the type to get, because it makes reloading much quicker than with other older types of revolvers. Also, while there are revolvers made that are single action only, for self defense you should get a gun that is both single and double action.

Double action revolvers with swing out cylinders come in both "small frame" and "large frame" types. The small frame type is designed to be concealed—it will easily fit into a pocket, purse, or shoulder holster. It has a five shot cylinder, a short two or three inch barrel and a small handgrip. In .38 Special caliber, this is by far the most powerful concealable handgun, much more effective than the various small caliber pocket automatics. Its disadvantage is that it is very hard to shoot accurately, but this type of gun is mostly used at very short ranges such as across a room, and at such distances, it is accurate enough.

RECOMMENDED MODELS:

Small Frame, .38 Special: Excellent models of this type are made by Colt, Smith & Wesson, and Charter Arms—these are definitely the best pocket concealable guns. Cost is \$75 to \$100, with the charter arms slightly cheaper than Colts and S&Ws. Barrel length ranges from 1½ inches to 3 inches.

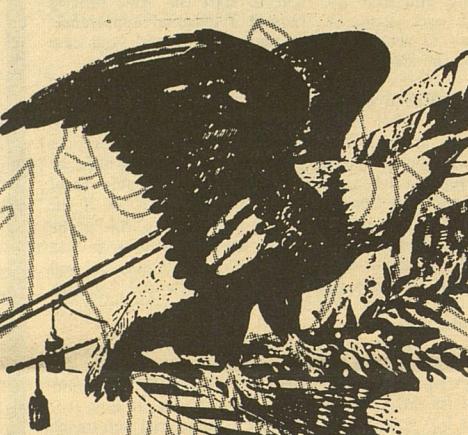
Large Frame, .38 Special: Any .38 Special made by Smith and Wesson or Colt is excellent. The cheapest models are the S&W Military and Police and Colt Police Positive Special. They have fixed non adjustable sights, and they cost about \$70 to \$100 depending on age. Other S&W and Colt models run more, and have the advantage of adjustable sights.

SAFETY

1. Never point any type of gun at anybody unnecessarily.

2. Develop the instinctive habit of checking to see whether a gun is loaded WHENEVER YOU PICK IT UP.

ALMOST ALL GUN ACCIDENTS OCCUR WHEN SOMEONE POINTS A LOADED GUN AT SOMEONE, USUALLY WHEN THE GUN IS ASSUMED TO BE UNLOADED.



The right to keep
and bear arms

STOP THE PIG

The chronic structural crisis characteristic of Brazil today, and its resultant political instability, are what have brought about the upsurge of revolutionary war in the country. The revolutionary war manifests itself in the form of urban guerrilla warfare, psychological warfare, or rural guerrilla warfare. Urban guerrilla warfare or psychological warfare in the city depends on the urban guerrilla.

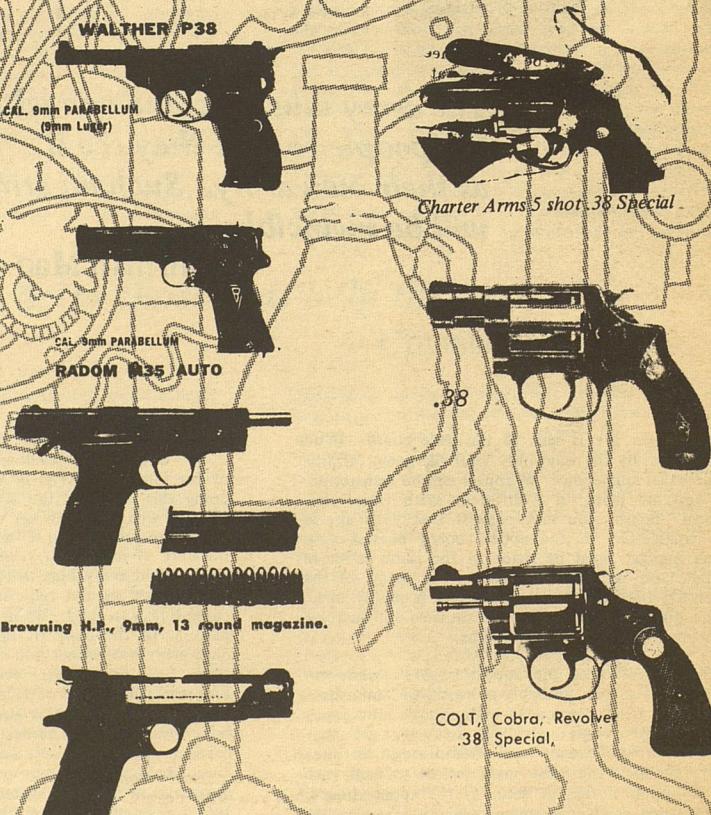
The urban guerrilla is a man who fights the military dictatorship with arms, using unconventional methods. A political revolutionary and an ardent patriot, he is a fighter for his country's liberation, a friend of the people and of freedom. The area in which the urban guerrilla acts is in the large Brazilian cities. There are also bandits, commonly known as outlaws, who work in the big cities. Many times assaults by outlaws are taken as actions by urban guerrillas.

The urban guerrilla, however, differs radically from the outlaw. The outlaw benefits personally from the action, and attacks indiscriminately without distinguishing between the exploited and the exploiters, which is why there are so many ordinary men and women among his victims. The urban guerrilla follows a political goal and only attacks the government, the big capitalists, and the foreign imperialists, particularly North Americans.

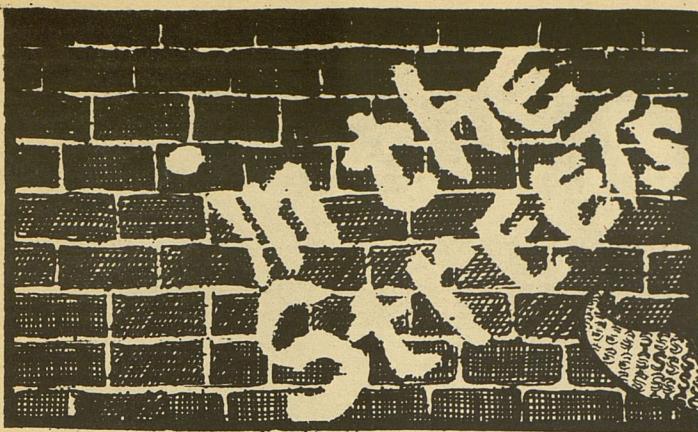
Another element just as prejudicial as the outlaw and also operating in the urban area is the right-wing counterrevolutionary who creates confusion, assaults banks, hurl bombs, kidnaps, assassinates, and commits the worst imaginable crimes against urban guerrillas, revolutionary priests, students, and citizens who oppose fascism and seek liberty.

The urban guerrilla is an implacable enemy of the government and systematically inflicts damage on the authorities and on the men who dominate the country and exercise power. The principal task of the urban guerrilla is to distract, to wear out, to demoralize the militarists, the military dictatorship and its repressive forces, and also to attack and destroy the wealth and property of the North Americans, the foreign managers, and the Brazilian upper class.

The urban guerrilla is not afraid of dismantling and destroying the present Brazilian economic, political, and social system, for his aim is to help the rural guerrilla and to collaborate in the creation of a totally new and revolutionary social and political structure, with the armed people in power.



Reprinted from Firearms and Self-defense, printed by the International Liberation School, Berkeley Cal.



by a member of Ann Arbor Women's Liberation.

For all the apparent differences between mainstream American culture and the "youth culture", most of the fundamental characteristics of American life are part of this "youth culture". Ten, fifteen, twenty years of socialization do not vanish with one joint, and basic changes do not happen overnight. It is easier to change the symbolic exteriors than the basics. It is easier to change from whisky to grass than to stop relating to people as objects and start relating to them as human beings. It is easier to go from being a wage earning shoe salesman to being a profit-making dope dealer than it is to stop competing and to start cooperating with friends. It is easier for a man to grow his hair long than it is for him to loose his male chauvinism. This is not to say that revolutionary changes are not happening—they are—but not quickly or in obvious ways.

That male chauvinism is a part of the "youth culture" is not surprising; it would be amazing if it were not. But it is important to remember that the species of male chauvinism exhibited at a rock concert is not different in origin from Playboy. The setting, language and expression of the chauvinism may change,

but the problem remains the same.

Let me talk about the way male chauvinism is expressed at a rock concert. Of all the aspects of "youth culture", the cult surrounding rock music is the most blatantly sexist. Although the number of rock musicians is small, the number of people who listen to and enjoy their music is huge. If the audiences didn't thrive on the sexism in the songs, the songs of at least the popular groups could not be sexist. As in other aspects of male chauvinism, more than an attitude change is necessary to eliminate it. The very structure around rock music is sexist. To be a good musician takes skill, and a good musician can make a lot of money. As with most skillful and profitable fields, women have been excluded. The exclusion has been more psychological than otherwise, but its effectiveness is evident by the tiny number of women singers, while the number of women who



BLUES ann arbor FESTIVAL

AUG. 7-8-9

FRIDAY, Aug. 7, 6:30 p.m.

Roosevelt Sykes

Bukka White

Mighty Joe Young

Jimmy Dawkins

John Lee Hooker

Howlin' Wolf

SATURDAY, Aug. 8, noon

Lazy Bill Lucas

Juke Boy Bonner

Luther Allison

Fred McDowell

Albert King

SATURDAY, Aug. 8, 6:30 p.m.

Robert Pete Williams

Johnny Shine with

Sunnyvale Slim

Johnny Young

Joe Turner with

T-Bone Walker

and Eddie Vinson

Bobby Bland

SUNDAY, Aug. 9, noon

John Jackson

Little Brother Montgomery

Cary Bell

Buddy Guy

Lonnier Johnson

Otis Rush

SUNDAY, Aug. 9, 6:30 p.m.

Mance Lipscomb

Little Joe Blue

Lowell Fulson

Big Mama Thornton

Junior Parker

Son House

TICKET INFORMATION:

\$10 series ticket (all five concerts)

\$2.50 Friday night concert

\$5 Both Saturday concerts

\$5 Both Sunday concerts

Make check or money order payable to:

Ann Arbor Blues Festival

Michigan Union

Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope when you order tickets.

—Only 15,000 tickets are available—

Free camping will be available, but due to city health codes, you must get a free camping pass by July 31 in order to camp on the Festival grounds. Write to the Blues Festival office for these Free camping passes.

on an instrument is nil. Not only are virtually all the performers men, but the road crews that move the equipment are totally masculine. (Women are not supposed to be able to lift heavy objects or know much about electronics.) As a result, women have no practical part in rock music. Our role is reduced to that of being objects: "groupies" for the musicians, objects of the songs, members of a passive audience, and consumers of the records. In other words, a woman's traditional, passive role is not changed.

What is more frightening, though, is the way the audiences relate to the rock bands. Within American society as a whole it is obvious that with rare exceptions men are dominated, exploited, (in effect "castrated") by bosses, laws, banks, credit cards, income tax, police, etc. It is only within a man's personal relationships with women that he is allowed to feel dominating and independent, that is live up to the role expected of him. The same pattern is repeated in a rock concert. The audience, both men and women are passive while the musicians on stage perform. It is the music which draws such large numbers of people together, but the people do not participate in the music, they are passive. The audience rarely claps or sings or dances. The performers while on stage fill the old role, in a new way of the super-masculine man, powerful and sexual. Within the audience again, the only way a man is allowed to fulfill his "masculine role" is by dominating women. As for the women, how many of our sisters are dependent on men for survival? Within the "youth culture" the acceptable ways of earning money—music and dope/dealing—are almost exclusively masculine. Women are left the choice of unskilled, boring straight jobs or dependence on a man. How many women exchange their bodies for a place to crash, a meal, or a new dress? How many exchange their bodies for the status of belonging to a big man,

a musician?

The rock concerts in Ann Arbor are not different from other concerts in terms of chauvinism. The first concert, I endured some of the most blatantly sexist lyrics I have heard in a long time. Actually, I did not sit through it, but went looking for some sisters so we could do something about it. The frustration was terrible when I could not find other women who I knew would also be angry. How effectively women have been severed from each other. How many times have women been insulted but incapable of action because they were not sure of support from their sisters?

Still, perhaps it is well that I did not find 15 other women to storm the stage with. That might have done our egos good, but it would have only enraged the audience, not educated it. It would have been the women there who would have had to bear the brunt of our supposedly liberated anger.

Although storming stages might not be the right tactic, there is much education that can be done at a rock concert. After that first concert there was a meeting called, and two White Panther women came. (The White Panthers are primarily responsible for it being possible to have the rock concerts.) We talked and decided that guerrilla theatre was a better method of education than stage storming. We also decided to have a women's flag made and taken to the concerts so our presence would be known and so women interested in women's liberation would be able to find each other at the concerts. Lynn, one of the White Panther women, said she would try to arrange for a woman M.C. At the second outdoor concert she M.C'd along with a man. Lynn also said she would try to arrange for talks between the various bands and members of women's liberation. So far not much has been done, but the rest of the summer remains.

ACTION ARMY

PUN PLAMONDON: FROM THE ASSHOLE OF THE OCTOPUS.

This is Pun Plamondon talking to you from the asshole of the great white octopus. All Power to the People! Free all Political Prisoners and Prisoners of War. I don't have too much time but I know about this Rock and Roll conspiracy, the Defense Fund Benefit for brother Jack Forrest. And we have to say right on to all that. We have to keep using every opportunity and develop all sorts of machinery to carry on dialogue with our people and show support to the liberation warriors. So, it's good to see that Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen are there. The incredible UP are there. Shakey Jake, Frut, Detroit featuring Mitch Ryder and lights, of course, by People's Light and Power Company. Right on! It's good to see all these people coming together to support the struggle and support the people who are in the forefront of the struggle.

So we all know that conspiracy comes from the Latin word

conspiro—it means 'to breathe together'. And we sure are all breathin together. So we keep that up. And that pig, David Valler, is just some sort of deranged idiot, you know. And we never made any statement about it before, but we have to make a stomp-down stand about our innocence. And the whole thing is just some sort of fabricated story made up by madman Valler's mind and federal pigs. So we gotta put pressure on these muthafuckahs to bring John Sinclair, our chairman, and Jack Forrest, to a quick and speedy trial. They can absolutely win the case, cause there's no question about that. And as soon as they win the case, those pigs are gonna have to drop the charges on me. And I'm gonna be right down there on the street, in the Ballrooms with ya, singin all power to the people.

So keep up the good work, keep up the struggle. Because we're way ahead, we're way ahead.



photo by Magdalene Sinclair

PUN PLAMONDON & JOHN SINCLAIR,
upon hearing of their indictment for conspiracy to bomb the Ann Arbor CIA building.

REVEAL DIGITAL

Ann Arbor Argus

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 07-22-1970

Contributed by: PUN; Pun Plamondon; Michael Jones; John Uecker; STP; Linda Evans; REV. A. PEEL; Christian myth

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